

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JANUARY 20, 1958

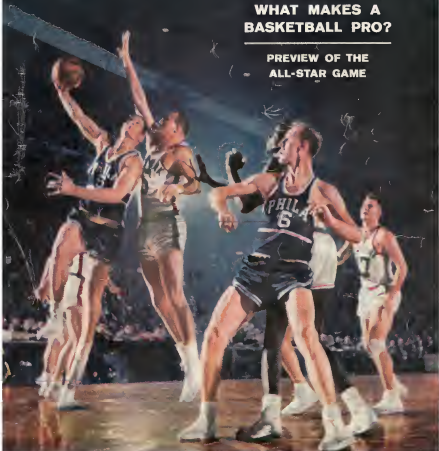
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JANUARY 20, 1958

Volume 8, Number 2

Acknowledgments on page 6

**COVER:** Neil Johnston

Photograph by Hy Peskin

Spare, lantern-jawed Johnston (No. 6) jockeys for rebound position as Philadelphia Teammate George Dempsey goes in for a lay-up. For more color action photographs and text on what makes Johnston a standout pro, see page 16. For a Preview of next week's All-Star Game, see page 81.

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## NATURE KEEPS A GRIM DATE AT SEA

It was clear and warm as holiday yachsmen put to sea, but nature was brewing the fiercest January storm in history

## BASKETBALL AT MIDSEASON

**SPECTACLE:** The versatility of Philadelphia's Neil Johnston In Color  
**PREVIEW:** The best pros from East and West meet in the All-Star classic  
**NEW STAR:** The college scoring lead goes to Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson

## BATTLES TO BE WON

A report on the annual NCAA convention in Philadelphia by Roy Terrell

## PUNCH, SKILL AND THE HEART

An appraisal of 25 top-ranked prizefighters. By GILBERT ROGIN

## 'NALU' AND THE ACAPULCO

She's the boat to beat in the West Coast's classic sailing race

## ALL OUT FOR HOCKEY

Nearly all the kids in Toronto, it seems, are on skates. In Color

## I GOT THE HORSE RIGHT HERE

Ken Kling gives some of his handstopping theories. By WILLIAM LEGGITT

## PART II: THE SAGA OF '99 PETE'

BILL MAULDIN continues the tale of her Caribbean flying adventure

## THE DEPARTMENTS

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## NEXT WEEK

## TAKE YOUR MARKS

A great track year, which may include a clash between the U.S. and U.S.S.R., is ahead, and the indoor season is here

## PLUS

ANOTHER GOREN EXCLUSIVE: THE FIRST ANALYSIS OF THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLEX BRIDGE SYSTEM

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# MEMO *from the publisher*



MATHIAS PUTS LASS THROUGH PACES



LUJACK TELLS SCULLY ABOUT PACES

A CONSTANT pleasure in publishing a weekly sports magazine is getting to know in person many of the stars on whom we report in print. It frequently follows, as a welcome extracurricular activity, that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is asked to arrange for their appearance on radio and television.

The programs are sometimes national, sometimes local. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** likes them both ways. The latest with a local focus is a series of six one-hour shows over WBKB-TV in Chicago. Called the *Sports Illustrated Spectacular*, they grew out of conversations between this magazine and Sol Polk, President of Polk Bros., the well-known Chicago retail appliance dealers. Joining in the production of this series is the Chicago Junior Chamber of Commerce; it also has the wholehearted support of Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley and the Chairman of the Chicago Youth Commission, Alfred J. Cilella. Each *Spectacular* takes up a phase of physical fitness; and the series highlights for citizens of Chicagoland the national problem of fitness and what to do about it.

The opening program came on Saturday, December 14. With Sportscenter Vince Scully presiding as master of ceremonies, the fast-moving show presented sports stars demonstrating their specialties and explaining their own particular "secrets" for keeping in shape to perform them. On hand from the local scene were names associated with Chicago teams: Ernie Banks of the Chicago Cubs, Al Smith of the White Sox, Johnny Lujack and Harlon Hill of the Bears, Paul Christman and Don Stonesifer of the Cardinals and Johnny Mariucci of the Black Hawks. Decathlon Champion Bob Mathias put six youngsters through some YMCA achievement tests; Bonnie Prudden and a squad of young girls displayed part of the Prudden routine. Adding comedy to an essentially serious subject was baseball's famous clown, Max Patkin.

Featuring Sportscenter Al Helfer, the second *Spectacular* (10 a.m., CST, this Saturday, Jan. 18) will discuss how fitness can be both preached and practiced in the home. The show's "regular," Bonnie Prudden, will be aided and abetted once again, more or less, by Max Patkin; and special guests include our Sportsman of the Year, Stan Musial, and the great White Sox left-hander, Billy Pierce.

Speaking of the series, civic-minded Sol Polk has said, "The total message is to stimulate Mom, Dad and the kids to mutual appreciation of the importance of keeping physically fit plus the fun of keeping fit together." It's a message which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is happy to have a part in telling, not just this week in Chicago—but every week, all over the country.

*Harry R. Phillips*

# SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Ben and Jon Kersenda, Australia's latest water kids, threw chlorinated water set into full-scale lousy with their record-breaking exploits in New South Wales championships at Sydney (see page 25), amazing four world freestyle marks with bang heard as far off as 1960 Olympics. Tina, Latvian-born, 13-year-old ash blonde, swirled through 500 meters in 19:11.1 and 450 yards in 10:17.7 (Jan. 31). Jon, her 13-year-old brother, covered 888 in 17:7.7, was given credit for same time for 850 meters.



Buddy Werner, shy, 31-year-old skier from Steamboat Springs, Colo., trailed Tom Sailer in downhill, finished third in slalom, but piled up enough points to win Leukerhorn combined title at Wengen, first major European ski victory by American male.

## BASKETBALL

West Virginia extended past Villanova 76-70, forced seven penalties in beating George Washington 93-66 in run missing attack to 25 and stand alone as nation's only undefeated major college team after Georgia Tech upset Mississippi State 75-61. But week's loudest applause was drawn by Cincinnati's holdout sophomore, Omar Robertson ("It's a really wonderful"), who controlled New York's win with record-breaking 36-point spree in team's 128-54 victory over Siena Hall (see page 22) at Madison Square Garden, added 31 more in 127-57 rout of North Carolina to boost per game average to 32.34 and average Kansas' siding With Chamberlain in race for scoring boss. North Carolina fell again, losing to determined Maryland 74-61 before 15,100.

Kansas' Delph Schayes, his brother-Josh shot hitting for 23 points in 135-109 victory over Detroit, tied his NBA lifetime scoring total to 11,770 in break George Mikan's record, scored Nats within 4½ games of Boston Celtics, who missed siding Bill Russell badly enough to drop three out of four in West. St. Louis Hawks rolled newly along, with 81½-point lead, losing only to Philadelphia in four games, but kept watchful eye on second-place Cincinnati Royals, who won four out of five.

## FOOTBALL

North Dakota punt by Auburn's Billy Atkins for second period safety, lost advantage of his three out-of-bounds kicks to start winning touchdowns drive, held break briefly while Atlanta missed field goal in driving sequence to edge South 16-13 in pro showcase Super Bowl at Miami.

NCAA Football Bowl Committee, meeting at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., adopted first revolutionary sorting schedule 30 years, voted unanimously to set ball back to 3-3 and later touchdowns, award two points for extra point scored on run or pass, one point for extra kick. Field Chalmers Fritz Greier of Michigan ("It will add drama to what has been the dullist, most round play in the game").

West turned loose Baltimore's Alvin Amonson on 16-yard run to set up 8-yard field goal by Bert Rech-

star in second quarter, added two more touchdowns and another field goal in last half to defeat East 26-7 in Pro Bowl at Los Angeles.

NFL second-division drafters continued policy of blurring it on coach, sent two more parking. Green Bay, lost to West, replaced Lyle "Laz" Blackburn with his No. 1 end, Ray Street; McLean, Philadelphia, sent-instant in East, Fred and Norm Denver High Denver ("In the best interests of the Region"). Chicago Cards, who did their coach dumping set week earlier, named Frank Ivy, outside punter of Oakland's Bud Wulfsberg and last year's leader of Minnesota. Redskins in second Ray Richards.

## BOXING

Reggie Hart, handy Philadelphia welterweight, had trouble reducing his combinations on crowding Larry Baker but found range in last rounds to punch his 10-round decision at Chicago. Lower Baiter, quipped on power in Hart's right hand, emotionally reported: "Maybe he hit me with some good rights, but I don't remember. Maybe I've just got a hard head like my Mom always said I had."

NBA Executive Committee, meeting in Philadelphia, began to push harder for Zora Polkey-Eddie Mahon heavyweight bout, may soon be rewarded with news that they will meet in San Francisco. Other NBA moves: accepted Minneapolis' request from NBA, gave Minneapolis' requested the report, Virgil Aldrich, above to rear by endorsing Pennsylvania Commission proposal for tap-around Bear Leggett to meet winner of Vince Martin's GI T-shirt fight for second welterweight title brought joy to way old Jack Kearns with ultimate to Lightweight Champion Joe Brown to defend against Kearns' No. 1-ranked title, Keweenaw, by April 15 as last round.

## SOCCER

College career ends, their national sport long unshared by football, were all but leaving with joy at annual meeting in New York after they received encouraging boost from NCAA, which agreed to national championship tournament. In 1958. This year's top teams, as selected by Intercollegiate Soccer Football Association: CCNY and Barnfield.

## HORSE RACING

Round Table, off an impressive point from start, ran away and hid from other 4-year-olds, striding home by last lengths over The Searcher under speed-up stretch ride by Willie Shoemaker in \$27,300 San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita to raise lifetime earnings to \$649,354, eighth highest in racing history.

St. Armand II, St. Louis Manufacturer Frank C. Reed Jr.'s English-bred 3-year-old son of Palesino, showed up out of track, made credit look like so many loose points as he barn past field to win \$84,100 Trigoval Handicap by 2½ lengths at Tropical Park.

Kentucky Derby may seem to be off in distant future to some but to horseplayers, who assume time by charts, it is only 100 days or so to May 3. This week, John and Tonyo Almon, co-owners of Caliente Winter Park, agreed to come to aid of tractors improver of breed, old Sports Illustrated how they see Derby odds today. Nader 4-1, Joeval Howard and Old Partis, 6-1, Mary Thelvi and Titta, 7-1, Fuma 10-1, Strong Water 12-1, Kentucky Park 14-1, Alameda, Jester, 14½-1, Fella and Tom Tom 20-1, Temple 16-1 25-1 and Iden, unbeaten 2-year-old 69, 30-1.

## BASEBALL

Congressman Emanuel C. Coffer of New York and Patrick J. Hillings of California, two of most violent proponents of attempt, to bring baseball under antitrust laws, took one from New York's Congressman Kenneth W. Keating (R), June 17, returned to mobile ground with statement they now favored legislation that would exempt all but "purely business aspects" of all pro sports from antitrust regulation.

## TENNIS

Moscow Radio, pointing up intense Soviet campaign to popularize open bourgeois game of tennis among workers, let world know that Rains may send "young players aged 17 or under" to Wimbledon to race pitch in peace division. News made some apoplexy, caused wonder about how long it would be before Russians occupied center court at Wimbledon.

Patrice Godwin and Lew Hoad continued to trade tennis world's most powerful smashes on even continued

focus on the deed . . .



SPORTSMEN OF THE YEARS line up in New York after receiving their SPORTS ILLUSTRATED trophies, replicas of a Greek vase made in Attica about 510 B.C. Left to right: Dr. Roger Bannister (1954); Johnny Podres (1955); Bobby Joe Morrow (1956); Stan Musial (1957).

WIDE-OPEN LANES greet legions as they get ready for week-long assault on glowering alleys at the Minneapolis Armory in the All-Star national match-game tournament. Finalists will be shooting for \$50,000 in prize money and title won last year by St. Louis' Albie Don Carter.









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# SNOW PATROL

SPOT TO SKI:

MT. SUNAPEE

When the snow is good, as it is this week, the best skiing nearest Boston, Providence and Worcester is Mt. Sunapee, N.H. (100 miles from Boston, 150 miles from Worcester). Sunapee's "T bar in the sky" starts where its 3,200-foot chair lift leaves off and pulls skiers up another 2,500 feet to the top of two wide, well-groomed open slopes on the very crest of the mountain. Southern New England skiers who want to cut their travel time and still ski a major area have found a good answer and have been coming here each winter in ever-increasing numbers, but lately even New Yorkers have climbed into their cars to drive the 260 miles up to Sunapee. They like to make the two-mile advanced runs that start on the open slope, then go down the typical New England woods trails alongside the chair lift and end opposite the modern glass-front warming lodge at the bottom.

Sunapee is also good to beginners. It has a big, 1,600-foot Poma lift and two rope tows on 10 acres of open hillside around the lodge. The resort has started drawing



**SKYWAY SLOPE** on summit of Mt. Sunapee is heavily blanketed by a good portion

renewed-breaking crowds this year, and plans for expansion are afoot both at the area and among the lodge owners around Sunapee. Right now the best lodgings for comfort-loving adults are at Dexter's, which is three miles away. For the younger crowd, there are budget accommodations at Four Seasons and dancing at Conrad Manor. Closest of all to area is Skinner's Lodge which provides dormitory-style

of the 100 or so inches of snow that falls annually on this section of New England.

rooms, low rates and also features a ski shop and rentals.

Sunapee sits at an elevation of from 1,300 to 2,700 feet and a snowfall of about 180 inches per year keeps the average depth at 18 inches. "Sunapee," says Area Manager Dick Parker, "will just about double when the new federal turnpike comes north from Boston. We're going to have a regular Sun Valley here."

## SKIING ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Be sure to check resorts for latest condition changes

**UP**—inches of snow on upper slopes and both LO—trails of snow on lower slopes and both CR—closed last September SN—trails of snow last week

### ● EAST

**Rainier's, Mass.** Thursday and Friday night skiing draws crowds of 300 to Russell Slope. Machine-made snow provided very good skiing on slopes last weekend with roof for good. Expanded area handling big crowd without strain UP 15 LO 4 SN 3 CR 2,200

**Rag Bromley, Vt.** Weather sunny and skiing excellent UP 18 LO 4 SN 5 CR 1,800

**Buck's Hill, Hagluck** opened for season with good running fair crowds UP 28 LO 5 SN 9 CR 1,800

**Stowe, Vt.** Forty-hour snowfall ended snow drought, and fast-speeding wind brought rush of skiers to slopes, lodges. Billy Woods Memorial January 25 30 getting season under way, international jumping meet scheduled for February 2 UP 10 LO 22 SN 24 CR 2,000

**Pico Peak, Vt.** New slope, trails and 1,500-foot T bar were opened this week. Long Trail lodge booked well into next month UP 22 LO 12 SN 13 CR 850

**St. Snow, Vt.** Huge crowds on hard but new strip Buckel chairlift on main mountain loop runs down to 10-minute wait. Dances every Saturday night at newly opened Old Red Mill in Wilmington UP 25 LO 10 SN 12 CR 4,000

**Whiteface, N.Y.** Governor Harriman will cut ribbon at official opening January 25.

**Rolling, N.Y.** Trails packed for fair skiing UP 8 LO 2 SN 10 CR 2,000

**Laurel Mt., Pa.** Plenty of machine-made snow on hand UP 15 LO 5 SN 5 CR 1,200

### ● FAR WEST

**Chico Peak, Calif.** Will open January 18 after state inspection with first-day skiers enjoying a probable four feet of snow

**Dodge Ridge, Calif.** Largest crowds in area's history ensuring it is enjoy excellent skiing UP 15 LO 28 SN 12 CR 1,700

**Granite Mt., B.C.** Two lifts, Flying Skis and Paradox trees all running despite poor conditions, drizzle fog and wet snow last weekend. First big race of season, Tyrrel Skis on for January 19 UP 14 LO 24 SN 2 CR 3,500

**Hoodoo Ski Bowl, Ore.** Opening of new section of North Rantier highway has made drive from Portland an easy 1½ hours UP 10 LO 17 SN 10 CR 200

**Manmoth Mt., Calif.** Residents doing on light powder UP 16 LO 24 SN 12 CR 1,800

**Mc Baker, Wash.** Skiers find of slopes last weekend and avalanche hazards. Heavy new snow over slick old crust. Were blasted down. Touring closed, but trails opened by noon. Top room adjacent to Mt. Baker Lodge open. Many experts combining safety too pieces with less releases for double protection UP 116 LO 16 SN 14 CR 900

**Mt. Spokane, Wash.** Surface lightning fast, weather cold and clear last week. Fall line or Skis green waste, most on, are favored by

rating crowd for dry powder snow. Kanto racing skis also show strong popularity here UP 70 LO 12 SN 5 CR 2,300

**Mt. Lassen, Nev.** New snow during week skiing excellent with Poma lift and two rope tows running UP 56 LO 50 SN 15 CR 1,000

### ● WEST

**Alta, Utah.** Skiers heading eagerly for Greeley Bowl where powder far exceeds top up and intermediates at bottom was fantastic. Jaded veterans got new kicks skiing down Perceps Gulch for three-mile run, shuttled back to Alta by car. Marker safety findings tremendously popular here UP 64 LO 58 SN 8 CR 850

**Aspen, Colo.** Excellent skiing conditions with resuscitators plentiful. Annual Wednesday ski program for children under way. williams eight more weeks UP 14 LO 17 SN 4 CR 300

**Sun Valley, Idaho.** New double chair on top section of Mt. Baldy eliminating lift lines. Special ski train from Los Angeles started under schedule last weekend with reservations overbooked at \$149-50 per week.

**Winter Park, Colo.** Fine skiing with trails well packed New Allen Phillips ski trail. Orisk or high-capacity T bar for upper slopes now open for operation UP 28 LO 14 SN 2 CR 1,500

### ● MIDWEST

**Mt. Telemark, Wis.** Skiing good, crowds large UP 1 LO 4 SN 1 CR 760

**Cash Ridge, Mich.** New area officially opened at dedication ceremonies this past week UP 26 LO 28 SN 8 CR 415

**Caberline, Mich.** Large crowds jamming area each weekend UP 4 LO 8 SN 2

**Brule Mt., Mich.** Skiing excellent with 5-foot packed base and 3½ inches of new powder,

# COMING EVENTS

JAN. 17-JAN. 26

■ TV ■ COLOR TV ■ NETWORK RADIO  
All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 17

**Baseball**  
(Professional)  
Cincinnati at Detroit; Minneapolis vs. St. Louis at Detroit; Syracuse vs. Boston; New York at Philadelphia at Boston.

**Boxing**  
Midwinter Amateur Boxing Championships, Gulf Lake, Mich. (through Jan. 19).  
National Winter Bantam Show, New York (through Jan. 26).

**Boxing**  
• Harold Johnson vs. Earl Whitehead; heavyweight, 10  
• vs. Sprague, N.Y., 10 p.m. (NBC)

**Baseball**  
Tampa Open Invitational \$25,000, Tampa, Mexico (through Jan. 20)

**Horse Racing**  
Hypert Potomac Handicap \$20,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 6 f.,  
Hudson, N.Y.

**Baseball**  
Western Baseball League & Double Championship, Detroit

**Baseball**  
Royal Palm Winter Golf Shoot, West Palm Beach, Fla. (through Jan. 20)

**Baseball**  
North Atlantic Figure Skating Championships, New York (through Jan. 18)

## SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

**Baseball**  
(1) Kickapoo College (Bates)  
• Cleveland vs. North Carolina, Cleveland, S.C. 2:30 p.m. (Atlantic Coast Conference Regional Sports Network, Inc.)  
• Drake vs. Bradley, Des Moines, Iowa

• Northwestern vs. Michigan State, Evanston, Ill. 4:30 p.m. (Midwest Regional Sports Network, Inc.)  
• Oklahoma vs. Kansas State, Norman, Okla.  
• UCLA vs. Southern California, Los Angeles (Professional)

• Boston at Philadelphia  
• Detroit at St. Louis, 7 p.m. (NBC)  
• Syracuse at New York

**Baseball**  
• St. Louis (Bill) Stan Leonard vs. Lloyd Hargrave, Apple Valley, Calif., 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Boston at Montreal  
• Detroit at Toronto  
• New York at Chicago 2 p.m. (CBS)

**Horse Racing**  
Santa Catalina Handicap \$25,000 4-yr-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Santa Anita, Calif.  
Santa Monica Handicap, \$20,000 2-yr-olds & up (fakes & mares), 1 1/4 miles, Santa Anita, Calif.

• The Kentucky \$25,000 3-yr-olds (colts & geldings), 6 f.,  
Hollywood, Fla. 4:30 p.m. (NBC)

**Track & Field**  
Massachusetts K & C Track Meet, Boston

## SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

**Baseball**  
(Professional)  
Cincinnati at St. Louis  
Detroit at Minneapolis  
New York at Syracuse  
Philadelphia at Boston

**Baseball**  
San Diego at Anaheim, Ocean Siding Race, San Diego

**Baseball**  
• All-Star Match: Bowling Tournament, \$30,285, Bala, Minneapolis, 9 p.m. (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Montreal at Boston  
• New York at Detroit  
• Toronto at Chicago

## MONDAY, JANUARY 20

**Baseball**  
(Amateur)  
• All-Star Match: Bowling Tournament, \$30,285, Bala, Minneapolis, 9 p.m. (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Montreal at Boston  
• New York at Detroit  
• Toronto at Chicago

## TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

**Baseball**  
(Professional)  
Cincinnati at St. Louis  
Detroit at Minneapolis  
New York at Syracuse  
Philadelphia at Boston

**Baseball**  
• All-Star Match: Bowling Tournament, \$30,285, Bala, Minneapolis, 9 p.m. (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Montreal at Boston  
• New York at Detroit  
• Toronto at Chicago

## WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22

**Baseball**  
(Professional)  
Cincinnati at St. Louis  
Detroit at Minneapolis  
New York at Syracuse  
Philadelphia at Boston

**Baseball**  
• All-Star Match: Bowling Tournament, \$30,285, Bala, Minneapolis, 9 p.m. (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Montreal at Boston  
• New York at Detroit  
• Toronto at Chicago

## THURSDAY, JANUARY 23

**Baseball**  
(Professional)  
Cincinnati at St. Louis  
Detroit at Minneapolis  
New York at Syracuse  
Philadelphia at Boston

**Baseball**  
• All-Star Match: Bowling Tournament, \$30,285, Bala, Minneapolis, 9 p.m. (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Montreal at Boston  
• New York at Detroit  
• Toronto at Chicago

**Golf**  
PGA Senior Championship, \$20,000, Deaton, Fla. (through Jan. 26)

## FRIDAY, JANUARY 24

**Baseball**  
(Professional)  
Cincinnati at St. Louis  
Detroit at Minneapolis  
New York at Syracuse  
Philadelphia at Boston

**Baseball**  
• All-Star Match: Bowling Tournament, \$30,285, Bala, Minneapolis, 9 p.m. (ABC)

**Hockey**  
• Montreal at Boston  
• New York at Detroit  
• Toronto at Chicago

**Baseball**  
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In a class  
by itself  
since 1830

**TEACHER'S**  
HIGHLAND CREAM  
Scotch Whisky

66 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky  
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## NATURE KEEPS A

*New Year's Day was clear and warm in Florida as vacationing yachtsmen put to sea—but nature, as is all too frequently her wont, had her own hideous plans for the opening of the biggest southern holiday in years. Here, with the help of its correspondents, and of the navy, the Coast Guard and the U.S. Weather Bureau, Sports Illustrated assembles the story:*

THE CROWD leaving the Orange Bowl in Miami on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 1 congratulated itself on a day to remember—euphoric 72° weather enveloped them and an awesome demonstration of football, Oklahoma-style, was behind them. It was of little moment to the crowd that the Miami office of the Weather Bureau had issued a 1 p.m. report showing a menacing cold front lying across the central Gulf of Mexico—or that, hundreds of miles away on Cuba's Isle of Pines, the weather watchers were soon to discover a low-pressure area saturated with warm, moist air. The workings of nature were of life-and-death moment to yachtsmen in the summerlike seas, but the sailors, most of them escapees from winterlocked offices up north, did not know that yet.

One famous boat at sea on that day was the 39-foot 8-inch ocean racer *Hoot Mon*, which had been chartered for a run through the Bahama cays. Aboard were two marine officers from Parris Island, together with their wives, the 8-year-old daughter of one couple, the 6-year-old son of the other, and two enlisted marines, also from Parris Island. Another craft in the area was the sturdy old ocean racer *Amberjack II*, a 46-foot schooner first introduced to fame when Franklin D. Roosevelt chartered her for a post-election-year cruise with his sons in 1933. *Amberjack*, under the command of her paid skipper, was in Key West getting ready for a return cruise to Fort Lauderdale. Another ocean-goer, the spanking-new, 43-foot *Reronoe*, had set out from Key West at 8 a.m. New Year's morning.

*Reronoe* (Conover spelled backward) bore her sea-wise skipper-owner, Harvey Conover of New York, a publisher of technical magazines, Conover's wife, their son Larry and his wife Mary, and a textile executive, William Fluegelman, of Scarsdale, N.Y., a friend of the younger Conovers. Miami was thought to be *Reronoe's* goal, since Conover had had an appointment scheduled there on Saturday morning, January 4, with Colin Ratsey, the New York sailmaker, who had cut some sails for an America's Cup racer and wanted to try them on *Reronoe*. Later it appeared *Reronoe's* intended goal might have been Nassau, in the Bahamas, but the exact destination Harvey Conover had in his mind may never, now, be known for sure.

By 4 p.m. on January 1 the Miami office of the Weather Bureau made a further evaluation of its 1 p.m. data. Projecting the effect of the cold front in the Gulf of Mexico, the bureau signaled a small-boat bulletin:

"Gentle to moderate southeasterly winds tonight becoming moderate to fresh north to northeast during Thursday. Slight seas becoming moderate to rough Thursday. Increasing cloudiness with scattered showers beginning tonight."

At this hour, the Miami forecaster knew nothing of the low-pressure area sweeping up from the Isle of Pines toward the Straits of Florida.

But incoming reports kept building up. By 4:30 a.m. Thursday, January 2, the Miami weather forecaster spoke again: "Fresh to occasionally moderate strong 20- to 30-mph northerly winds

continued



SAILBOAT "HOOT MON" RACING (BELOW)



# GRIM DATE AT SEA



CONTRASTS WITH COAST GUARD RESCUE PLANE PICTURE (ABOVE), SHOWING "HOOT MON" BEACHED AT GUN CAY BY STORM



STORM drove Hoot Mon onto Gun Cay (1), struck Rescue off Miami (2) downed plane in Everglades (3), washed lifeboat dinghy ashore at Jupiter Inlet (4). Storm also beached Amberjack on Marquesas Keys (5). Coast Guard search (gray area) was supplemented with private-plane searches (dotted white line) planned by Conover's fellow sailors.

## FLORIDA STORM

continued

gradually becoming moderate-to-fresh northeasterly tonight."

It was the first serious warning, and it was an understatement. At 8:30 a.m. Thursday the bureau reinforced the warning, adding: "Fresh to strong 25- to 35-mph northeasterly winds with occasional gusts to 40 mph in squalls extreme southeast Florida coastal region and in the straits."

By 2:30 p.m. Thursday the real evidence was coming in and the Weather Bureau cracked out:

"Hoist gale warning 3 p.m. Thursday, Palm Beach southward to Dry Tortugas."

Up went the gale warnings—two red pennants—over every Coast Guard station as far south as the Tortugas. Out over the radio waves went the same alarm. Gale. Winds of 39 to 54 mph.

By that time the cold front from the Gulf of Mexico and the low-pressure area from the Caribbean collided, and after that things moved fast. A northeaster wind of almost hurricane force sprung up and set the straits boiling. Within hours the northeaster had reached Miami, where it shredded street awnings, blasted out store windows and tormented heavy shipping. Gusts up to 70 mph turned the sea south of Miami into a witches' cauldron. It was the worst winter storm in

the 47-year history of the Miami weather office.

In Cuba, too, the storm was having its effect. Waves piled up on Havana's Malecon Drive, dashing anchored craft against retaining walls and confining holiday vacationers to their fancy Havana hotels. Two new ones—the Riviera and the Capri—had a busy, days-long rush at their casino tables.

In Miami, distress signals began to flood district Coast Guard headquarters. Sturdy, 55-foot boats of the shrimp fleet were being hammered by 40-foot seas.

*Hoot Moe* fared relatively well. The marines who chartered her anchored on New Year's Day in a spot called Honeymoon Harbor, a small cove on Gun Cay. When the storm blew up during the night, *Hoot Moe*, lashed by winds of 50 mph or more, pulled loose from her anchors. The marines struggled to keep the famous racing boat from blowing against deadly coral. Eventually they maneuvered her into a sandy stretch, where she was blown against the beach and heeled over.

### Survivors—and the search

*Hoot Moe's* plight first became known on Saturday, January 4, after the northeaster had begun to spout itself out, when a passing ship spotted signal fires on the beach. The Coast Guard sent a helicopter and picked up the wife of Marine Captain Morton

Riley, who had suffered painful burns when a can of lighter fluid exploded. The rest of the party, men, woman and children, stayed with the ship and were hauled off by Navy helicopter three days later.

The famous *Amberjack*, which incautiously put out to sea January 5, also survived. Caught 20 miles off Key West, taking heavy seas and appearing to be sinking, she was abandoned by her party when the freighter *SS Alcoa Pioneer*, headed for San Juan, Puerto Rico, came by with an offer of salvation. *Amberjack* herself washed up on the Marquesas Keys.

But *Reconoc* was overdue, alarmingly overdue, for a craft with an appointment in Miami. Where was she? The search began.

Save for the storm, *Reconoc* would have made Miami by Thursday night or Friday noon at the latest. In addition to her sail she carried a tidy little auxiliary power plant: a 37-hp Mercedes-Benz engine which would push her along at about six knots.

When Saturday morning came and no *Reconoc*, Yacht Broker Richard H. Bertram, a friend of the Conovers, checked the Coast Guard. Radio signals went off to ships at sea, asking hopefully for word of a rescue or a sighting. By Sunday the return signals were all in: no rescue, no sightings. Out went fresh orders from the Coast Guard. As recorded in the



### MISSING IN STORM

Brand-new ocean racer *Reconoc* (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Conover (above) aboard was caught off Miami in Florida's worst winter storm in history. The Conovers, with three other passengers, have been missing on *Reconoc* since January 2 in spite of a far-ranging air-sea search.

laconic language of the Coast Guard log:

Jan. 5, 8:06 a.m. Directed Coast Guard Air Station Miami dispatch aircraft search, and the first area assigned was Key West south to 24° 30' north, thence east to axis of Gulf Stream, then northeast along axis to 25° north, then southwest to point of origin. . . . At 9:11 a.m. Coast Guard Air Station Miami advised a second plane departed to Key West search area. . . . 12 noon: First plane assigned completed search area with negative results. The probability of detection on that search 70%. At 3:31 p.m. second plane completed assigned search area, was directed to Cape Sable vicinity en route to station. At 4:51 p.m. second plane returned to station with negative results.

The second day's search was also a two-plane affair and produced negative results, but according to the Coast Guard log:

At 7:38 p.m. Jupiter Inlet Lifesboat Station advised local source (a Mr. Barnes) had found 12-foot sailing skiff with name *Reronoc Jr.* Subject found on beach one mile south of Jupiter light.

Jupiter Inlet is 80 miles north of Miami. The Coast Guard, theorizing that the skiff, sunk in the water to the gunwales, would have been carried north by the Gulf Stream despite the prevailing direction of the wind, got some clue for the all-out search it directed next day.

They also got a pretty good idea of the steep, treacherous seas that must have hit *Reronoc* as she first met the storm. The skiff's rail was broken at the chock and her bow fitting was bent. Both are points at which the skiff would have been fastened to the ship's cabin trunk. The wave that carried her off must have gone clear across the ship.

"Too good a sailor. . ."

Harvey Conover's friends made conjectures about his course. A cool man and an experienced sailor, they agreed, he would probably have chosen to run before the wind with sails doosed. George Adams, a yachtsman who had raced against Conover, called him "too good a sailor to be fooled by a storm."

On Tuesday, January 7, the Coast Guard mounted its biggest search.

The Coast Guard log for Tuesday:

At 8:30 a.m. assigned Marine Corps a search area. . . . At 12:33 p.m. Naval Air Station Jacksonville reported planes in search. . . . At 12:35 p.m. requested 14th Air Force Rescue to provide aircraft. . . . At 3:15 p.m. the Naval Air Station Jacksonville advised they will launch six to eight planes. Key West searching additional areas. . . . At 3:30 p.m. Cutter Seago on route to Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, was directed to take north coast of Cuba route to keep lookout

for *Revonoc*. . . . Total aircraft—27.

On January 8, 20 planes went out. They found a Navy-type life raft at Elliot Key, which was identified as not belonging to *Reronoc*. They also sighted a spar washed up on Long Key, estimated from the air to be 25 feet in length. Possibly *Reronoc's* boom? On ground examination it proved to be 65 feet long—obviously a cargo boom from a freighter.

On January 9 the search was reduced to four planes. The next two entries read:

Jan. 10. At 4:27 p.m. This day canceled hourly broadcasts at Coast Guard radio station Miami and started making one broadcast daily covering *Revonoc*. Five planes searched this day. No new clues found. . . .

Jan. 11—Two Coast Guard and one Navy plane searching. . . .

At the height of the official search, private searchers were also at work. Henry du Pont, Commodore of the Cruising Club of America (Conover was a past commodore), supplied three private planes for the search, and they were manned by yachtsmen such as Bill West, Phil Tomlinson and Sandy Hiss. Dr. Luis Vidafar, first finisher in the last Miami-Nassau race, intervened to get the Cuban navy to dispatch eight cutters and two planes to search the Cuban coast and the Yucatan Channel. By this time word had come

continued



#### OLD CAMPAIGNER

Long career of famous schooner *Amberjack II* included charter cruise in 1933 (left) under President Franklin Roosevelt (at *Amberjack II* helm, above). Last week, in ferocious Florida storm, *Amberjack's* seams opened and her crew was taken off, leaving the craft to wash up on beach.



**RESCUED** from *Host Mon*, Mrs. James Jordan, son Allan, and Philip Outley await rest of crew in Miami.

#### **FLORIDA STORM** *continued*

from Key West that Conover had spoken of making for Nassau instead of Miami, and Bahamian waters got an extra going over. Rod Stephens, of Sparkman & Stephens, designers of the tough, heavy little ship, flew south from New York to help at search headquarters set up at the dock owned by Yacht Broker Dick Bertram.

In all, the searches by week's end had scoured the area of the Florida Straits, investigated deep up the Gulf Coast of Florida. In addition to the searches in the channel of Yucatán, between Cuba and Mexico, flight runs had been made up the course of the Gulf Stream as far north as North Carolina and Virginia.

Friends of the Conovers and their party trusted that Harvey Conover had indeed heard the warnings and ridden out the storm or that, like *Host Mon*, *Reronoe* would be discovered safe on a hospitable cay.

In Key West, between Christmas and New Year's, Harvey Conover had talked with a retired newspaperman named Cornelius W. Weaver, who was at the docks one afternoon when *Reronoe* came in. Weaver took the bow line when Conover heaved it ashore.

Conover said, "I've seen you somewhere before."

Weaver: "I guess you have if you've been here before."

Conover: "No, this is my first trip to Key West. My name is Conover. I'm with Conover-Mast publications."

Weaver: "Well, we might have something in common. I was a newspaperman at one time."

Conover: "Yes, I know you were. You were on the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and I knew you as Corny Weaver."

Conover invited Weaver aboard for a drink. He told Weaver, "I want to get an electrician. There are several things wrong about my wiring." He also said he was sailing from Key West to Nassau and from there to Miami. Weaver helped Conover shop for \$300 worth of groceries. An electrician came and worked over *Reronoe's* wiring, a matter of fixing the switch on the line to the direct-current batteries, which had not been working properly.

"*Reronoe's* fuel and water tanks were full when she sailed," Weaver said. "*Reronoe* carried a radio receiver but no transmitter."

On the afternoon of December 31, said Weaver, Conover phoned the Key West Weather Bureau. The forecast at that time was, "partly cloudy tonight and Wednesday. Low temperature tonight 68; high Wednesday 80. Mostly moderate east and southeast winds."

Weaver said he was aboard *Reronoe* until about 11 p.m. New Year's Eve. He returned New Year's Day about 7 a.m. for breakfast with the Conovers.

Conover said, "If we get an early start today, we can make Nassau by tomorrow afternoon [January 2]."

Weaver tossed the lines aboard as the *Reronoe* prepared to sail. Conover said, "When are you coming back to New York?"

Weaver: "I don't know."

Conover: "I wish you were coming with us."

Corny Weaver was the last man to see the Conovers and *Reronoe* before she kept her grim appointment with the elements. (END)



**SMASHED** *Parebird* (above) was driven into rocks over a quarter mile from her moorings at Palm Beach Yacht Club by







storm that swept over Florida Straits. Skipper Lee Ault of New York and crewman tie down sails to prevent more damage.

**CRASHED** Air Force KO-37 Jet Tanker (below) attests fury of Florida storm which damaged plane, forced six-man crew to

ditch it in Everglades country. Storm was also responsible for major damage from Havana, Cuba to Nassau in the Bahamas.



## SPECTACLE

Photographed by HY PESKIN

# THREE IN ONE

Tenacity, natural rhythm and a quick, sure eye have made lanky Neil Johnston Philadelphia's man of distinction for seven seasons

FOLLOWING THROUGH his famous hook shot on the opposite page, Neil Johnston completes one of the most difficult maneuvers in basketball. He starts with his back to the basket, goes through a rhythmic series of feints to confound his guard and, just as the hoop comes in view in a corner of one eye, he releases the ball. Rhythm, instinct and flash perception make it a deadly shot for Johnston; three times it has won for him the scoring leadership in pro ball, tying George Mikan's alltime record.

One shot, however, doesn't make a pro. Johnston is also a strong threat with the one-hander (see page 20), has led the Warriors in rebounding for five straight seasons (see cover) and is a tenacious ball-hawk (see pages 18-19)—a combination of skills that spells the difference between a truly great pro star and just another useful player. All together, that does make a pro, and has earned for Johnston selection on the East All-Star team six times.

Johnston had hoped to come to Philadelphia in a baseball uniform, spent four years in the Phillies' farm system trying to develop a curve to go with his fast ball. When a sore arm killed that, he asked for a tryout with the Warriors and has been a scoring mainstay ever since. Throughout his career, he has played as much of the 48 minutes of regular games as any pro simply because Philadelphia has had no one near his ability to substitute for him. Oddly enough, Johnston's chances of breaking Mikan's record will decrease as the Warriors become a better-balanced team. A weak team plays to its few offensive threats; a strong team plays to the man in the best position to score.

*For a PREVIEW of the All-Star game, see page 21*

*ELUDING New York defenseman Charlie Tyra,  
Johnston hooks for two points from edge of circle*







*LUNGING for loose ball rangy  
Johnston battles for possession  
with New York's Carl Braun.*



*SOARING* one-handed push shot is launched  
by Johnston as Ray Felix stretches in vain

# ALL-STAR GAME

The top 20 pro players from the Eastern and Western Divisions meet in St. Louis next week in the annual All-Star classic. Below is an analysis of the two teams

## EAST

**STRATEGY:** Since the nucleus of this team will be three Boston Celtics—Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman and Bill Russell—Coach Red Auerbach, also of Boston, will undoubtedly play his fast break. Having Syracuse's Dolph Schayes and New York's Willie Naulls to round out a starting five makes it that much more certain. These two, added to Russell, mean backboard control, which makes the fast break possible; Cousy's and Sharman's speed and finesse make it an actuality. Philadelphia's Neil Johnston and New York's Richie Guerin hook out of the pivot for a varied offense. On defense, Russell will have tall support, so he will find it somewhat easier to play his so-called "one-man zone," and pick up drivers like Yardley and Martin when they get around their men. Shooting from outside, Sharman, New York's Ken Sears and Philadelphia's Paul Arizin will keep the West defense "honest."

**REBOUNDING:** Last year the teams were tied in this department at 70. Harry Gallatin and Nat Clifton pulled down 11 apiece to lead the East, but neither plays this year. However, Russell does for the first time; at last official count he was 224 ahead of his nearest competitor. Even against a collection of All Stars, he should be the difference.

**SHOOTING:** The East will have three of the five top percentage shooters—Russell, Johnston and Sears—plus the three top free throwers: Sharman, Schayes and Cousy. They outshot the West last year and should do so again.

**THE SQUAD:** Bill Russell, Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman (Boston); Dolph Schayes, Larry Costello (Syracuse); Willie Naulls, Richie Guerin, Ken Sears (New York); Neil Johnston, Paul Arizin (Philadelphia).

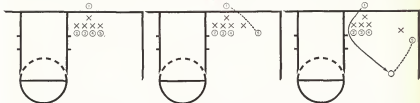
## WEST

**STRATEGY:** Coach Alex Hannum, of St. Louis, will be trying to do what he and all other rival coaches have been attempting all year: get Bill Russell away from the boards, or slip a man in behind him. From among his All Stars, he may have the combination to do the job. He'll try to lure Russell out by having Bob Pettit stay outside and shoot. If Pettit has a hot hand, Russell will be forced out to guard him, and then Cincinnati's Maurice Stokes and Detroit's George Yardley should do well on the boards. If Russell stays in, Stokes will still give him a fight. The flaw in the strategy is that Russell will also have help in Dolph Schayes and Neil Johnston. The battle of the backcourt will feature Dick McGuire teaming with Slater Martin against Cousy and Sharman. Despite all the tall talent, this should be the most interesting aspect of the game, with the East having an edge in scoring punch and the West in speed.

**REBOUNDING:** Last year's top rebounder was Stokes, with 12. Pettit was second with 11 but, if the above strategy works, he may not be in position for offensive rebounds. Yardley, Minneapolis' Larry Foust and St. Louis' Cliff Hagan will have to help out Stokes.

**SHOOTING:** The West will have two of the three current leaders in total points—Yardley and Pettit. However, only Cincinnati's Jack Twyman approaches the East's lineup in field-goal percentages, and no Westerner does at the foul line. Even for one game, this is a decided edge for the East.

**THE SQUAD:** Bob Pettit, Slater Martin, Cliff Hagan (St. Louis); George Yardley, Dick McGuire, Gene Shue (Detroit); Larry Foust, Dick Garmaker (Minneapolis); Maurice Stokes, Jack Twyman (Cincinnati).



PRO BASKETBALL is largely a free-lance game. However, on a tipoff or when the ball goes out of bounds, the occasional set play is seen. The one diagrammed above

will be used by both sides in the All-Star Game. From the lineup at left, No. 5 pulls out to his right (center) and takes the pass from No. 1. As No. 5 moves backward, No.

1 cuts swiftly past the lineup, passing the ball to No. 2, who is blocked both by his own man and No. 2. He takes the pass from No. 5 (right), turns and has a clear close-in shot.

# OSCAR TAKES THE LEAD

The lithe and limber young man shown in all his versatility at right is now, in his first varsity season, the top scorer in college basketball. Oscar Robertson, a sophomore at the University of Cincinnati, broke a 10-year-old record for New York's Madison Square Garden with 56 points against Seton Hall on Thursday night, put in 35 more two nights later in Cincinnati against North Texas State to take the lead from Kansas' Wilt Chamberlain. Their per-game averages: Robertson 32.3, Chamberlain 32.2. For Robertson, this is a triumph of finesse over sheer height. Only 6 foot 4 (as opposed to Wilt's 7 foot plus), Robertson makes his points through thorough mastery of every shot in the game, not just by baskets-stuffing. Elsewhere North Carolina, defending national champion, lost its second game of the season to Maryland, while West Virginia kept its No. 1 ranking by squeezing past Villanova and swamping George Washington.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN NATHAN



ROBERTSON FEINT FOOLS SETON HALL GUARD BEFORE HOOK OVER LEFT SHOULDER



TWO CLEAN FREE THROWS (HE WENT 12 FOR 12 AT FOUL LINE) CAP ROBERTSON RECORD

**ELSEWHERE: LOOK DOWN . . . LOOK UP . . . LOOK OUT!**



**EVERYTHING BUT** basketball was in style when Ohio's Xavier met New Rochelle's Iona. Left: Tom Fitzgerald plays leaping

with Al Gundrum. Center: everybody plays blind watcher. Right: George Carter plays poty with spectators as he chases ball.





GREAT SPRING ENABLES ROBERTSON TO CLIMAX ELUSIVE DRIVE WITH EASY LAY-UP



QUICK RECOVERY FROM ACCIDENTAL TRIPPING SHOWS BALL-HAWKING ABILITY



DIFFICULT CORNER SHOT BOOSTS TOTAL



MISSISSIPPI STATE'S Bailey Howell appears to kick a field goal in loss to Georgia Tech.



DE PAUL beat Duquesne—though not because of Chet Tabor's neat handstand.



BUTLER cheerleaders' postures reflect last season's defeat 83-78 by Purdue.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## THOSE KONRADS KIDS

SOMETIMES I beat Lorraine. Sometimes she beats me," mused the seal-slick young sprat at the Olympic poolside one year ago. "It's not too discouraging."

This was pretty casual talk for a 14-year-old immigrant boy to be making about Australia's top woman swimmer, but young Jon Konrads was not boasting. Scarcely more than dog paddlers when their parents brought them to Sydney from Latvia in 1949, Jon and his kid sister were soon providing some stiff competition for the native-born Aussie swimmers whose top stars swept the Olympic pools in 1956.

Last week it began to seem as though 15-year-old brother Jon Konrads and 13-year-old sister Ilsa Konrads might well be the two best swimmers in the entire world.

Early in the week Ilsa, whose ash-blond hair is stained a permanent pale green by constant chlorination, took the water against the great Lorraine Crapp herself and became the second woman in history to swim 440 yards in less than five minutes. Then, before a bug-eyed crowd of 4,000 at the New South Wales championships, she hit the pool like a projectile to smash the women's world records in both the 880-yard and 800-meter distances.

Three days later, fortified by a steak dinner, Jon Konrads shrugged his red sweat shirt, gazed calmly at his opposition (which included three Olympic champs) and went flat out to shatter men's world records in the same two distances.

## MILES AND MR. O'MALLEY

MAJOR LEAGUE CLUB OWNERS are expected to ratify next week the recommendations of Commissioner Ford Frick's four-man committee on

territorial rights. These recommendations, you remember, are that any city with more than 2 million population (Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Los Angeles and Detroit) may have two major league teams and that any new ball park must be at least five miles from an existing one. If a hollow laugh is heard during the ratification proceedings, it can come from only one throat: that of the nomadic millionaire, Mr. Walter O'Malley.

Nothing could matter less to Mr. O'Malley at this moment than the five-mile limit which was proposed as a way of reserving Manhattan and The Bronx for the New York Yankees. Mr. O'Malley and his Dodgers have done nothing but put mileage between themselves and anything resembling a ball park since Los Angeles received them with a round of welcoming luncheons and dinners and sentimental speeches—all destined to be followed by a solid succession of kicks in the pants. Mr. O'Malley has been frustrated at every turn.

His proposed deal to acquire Chavez Ravine in the heart of downtown Los Angeles as a stadium site is stalled by

a referendum to be voted on in June.

His dickering with the Coliseum has been fouled up by an assortment of difficulties including rental terms, position of the playing field (the sun would shine in batters' eyes), etc.

His flirtation with the Rose Bowl at Pasadena has been snuffed by the



threat of another referendum sought by neighboring residents who resent the potential intrusion of baseball crowds. Also, by the bowl's inadequate lighting for baseball.

All this left Mr. O'Malley with only his own Wrigley Field, a 22,000-seat minor league ball park. To use it, he would have to add at least 3,000 additional seats to bring it up to major league standards.

And, with opening day a dozen weeks away, time was pressing.

This week, after a disappointing conference with Pasadena city fathers, a badgered Walter O'Malley announced

## THEY SAID IT...

- **SUNNY JIM FITZSIMMONS**, attending Trainer Ben Jones' 75th birthday party: "I've seen Ben eat *many* of the cake around the race track. But it's the first time I've ever known him to let someone else have a piece of it."
- **NORRIS POULSON**, Mayor of Los Angeles, in a telegram to the mayor of Baker, Ore., Poulson's home territory: "Please let me know if you have any vacant cow pastures or acreage available for a ball diamond (major league). Signed, Desperate Norris."
- **FORD FRICK**, when asked on a television interview if he thought the National League had made a wise move in leaving the New York area open when the Dodgers and Giants went to the West Coast: "I think they are beginning to feel they may have made a mistake moving out of this town."
- **BUCK SHAW**, coach of the College All-Stars who were defeated by the Hawaii All-Stars in the Hula Bowl in Honolulu: "I think my squad might have won if we hadn't been shut out in the first quarter 33-0."

a—possibly—final decision: he and his peripatetic Dodgers will settle down, for the next two years, in little Wrigley Field. O'Malley, who once moaned at having to get along in one of the smallest ball parks in the majors (Ebbets Field seats 32,000), will now be going all out for 25,000 or so.

The news hit Brooklyn at 3:35 Eastern Standard Time, January 13. It certainly seemed like O'Malley's unlucky day. Hillary took the sad news with remarkable lightheartedness.

#### HOT WORDS ON THE ICE

**B**RITONS in general are quick to hail the triumphs of their Commonwealth heroes. One of the greatest of these heroes is certainly Sir Edmund Hillary, the sporting New Zealand beekeeper who braved the windswept heights at the top of the world to claim the peak of Everest as a jewel for the diadem of his newly crowned Queen. But about the best Hero Hillary could get out of Britain last week, after becoming the first man in 46 years to traverse the 1,200 forbidding miles of antarctic ice between the Ross Sea and the South Pole, was a cluck of national disapproval and a stern headline in London's *Daily Mail*: POOR SHOW, SIR EDMUND!

What happened?

One thing was that a careless clerk at the Ross Sea Committee in New Zealand inadvertently dropped a transcript of a private communication from Sir Edmund to his boss on a pile of innocuous press releases ready to go out to the newspapers. Within hours the world was suddenly made aware of an exchange of words between Explorer Hillary and his immediate superior, Dr. Vivian Fuchs, that was hot enough to sear the primordial ice.

Each of them pushing southward over the snows from opposite sides of the Antarctic Continent, Fuchs and Hillary are together responsible for the Commonwealth's contribution to South Polar research during this International Geophysical Year. Each commanding a small, separate exploring party, their original plan was to meet at a point some 450 miles north of the pole on Hillary's side. When Sir Edmund's group, traveling fast across relatively easy terrain in specially equipped farm tractors, got to the rendezvous, Fuchs was still hundreds of miles away on the opposite side of the pole. Traveling over soft snow in an exceptionally mild (only 20° below zero) polar summer, pausing often to take scientific measurements, blocked by

vast stretches of difficult ice, the British scientists had fallen behind schedule. Hillary radioed for instructions. None came. Radio communications were too bad.

Three days later, when the atmospheric conditions had cleared, Sir Edmund got the word from his boss. Move on another 100 miles, it said, and establish a fuel base. But the word came too late. Impatient, tired of waiting and itching to move on to the goal that beckons every antarctic explorer, Hillary had already started on a mad dash across the remaining miles of ice and snow that stood between him and the pole.

Fuchs was furious and made no effort to conceal it in a two-way radio conversation that took place soon afterward. His pique was in no way lessened by the fact that triumphant Hillary replied by urging his boss in no

uncertain terms to abandon his own attempts to cross the polar continent this season, get to the pole itself if he could, store his equipment, go back to London and return for another try later on. "I have informed Hillary," Dr. Fuchs radioed headquarters in London, "that there can be no question of abandonment. I do not agree with his view that continuation of the journey this late in the season is an unjustifiable risk, but I do not feel able to ask him to join us and lend the help of his local knowledge. We will find our own way."

It was harsh talk to crackle among the frosty silences, but by the end of the week all was once again serene and peaceful. Without the help of that careless clerk in New Zealand, maybe no one would have heard of the dispute at all. Sir Edmund was busy once again

*continued*



"You're now in the lee of the direct four-engine craft. Take a starboard tack over to motor boats, two aisles beyond, put your helm hard to port, and there you are."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued

making plans to set up the necessary fuel depot. Fuchs was still driving across the ice toward his goal. "It is our job," Sir Edmund Hillary said, "to see that he makes it as quickly and safely as possible."

## SPORTSMAN

ROGER BANNISTER, the tall, thin, blond, pale, fragile-looking Englishman who won lasting fame in 1954 when he ran the first four-minute mile, took a belated public curtain call last week and displayed once again the rare qualities he is composed of.

The occasion was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's luncheon to honor the men it has chosen in each of the past four years as Sportsman of the Year. Bannister was the man for 1954, Johnny Podres for 1955, Bobby Morrow for 1956 and Stan Musial for 1957. As a trophy of the award each received a replica of an ancient Greek amphora, or urn, decorated with drawings of athletes in action and bearing the inscription: "Whether it was over an extended period or only for an hour or an instant, his performance was such that his fellowmen could not fail to recognize it as the revelation of pure excellence."

Bannister, the first Sportsman of the Year, spoke. He and his wife had, he said, composed some lines of verse in honor of the occasion and with the audience's permission he would essay a recitation of same. The good rhymes were his wife's, Roger added, the poor ones his own. With an apology to John Keats, he plunged into 53 lines of verse:

... O Grecian urn, fair object of delight,  
How shall I wrap thee on my homeward flight?  
And what will the woe of the customs say  
When I thee gently on the counter lay?  
...

Standard procedure, in this country at any rate, is for an athlete to stand politely, accept his due, speak sincerely and briefly, and then sit down, thanking the good Lord that that's over with. But here was an athlete, one of the greatest of all competitors, holding an audience in the palm of his hand while he performed, so to speak, one of his own works.

... There is no price on this Grecian urn...  
For it brings a message you dare not spurn.

Avoid the corruption that came to Greek sport

Which finally turned their ideals to naught.

We must use sport in a friendly way  
To fight mistrust, keep suspicion at bay. . .

He finished with a bow to his fellow Sportsmen:

An urn created 500 B.C.

Now passed as a symbol of sport to me;

A connoisseur's trophy, rare and unusual,

Received with Podres, Morrow and Musial.

John Keats, had he been present, might have complained of the Ogden Nash influence in the snapper, but in the history of acceptance speeches Bannister's Ode has to go down as another revelation of pretty pure excellence.

## TOM SAWYER, CHESS CHAMP

BOBBY FISCHER, the 14-year-old chess sensation of Erasmus High in Brooklyn, won the United States chess championship one wintry midnight last week. He finished the Rosenwald Tournament in the Manhattan Chess Club ahead of 45-year-old Samuel Reshevsky, one of the half dozen strongest players in the world, meanwhile casting uneasy glances at the gallery, as if he feared the truant officer might be among those witnessing his victory.

At the moment, Bobby's relations with the school authorities are excellent, though in the past he has had as much school trouble as the average American boy. In fact, the new champion is more like a Mark Twain youngster, and less like an infant prodigy, than any youthful genius who has



excelled at the game. Tall, skinny, gangling, with long, bony features that occasionally explode into a wide, toothy grin, fidgeting restlessly, scratching his head, or suddenly bounding up after a brilliant move and stumbling over his big feet, he suggests a Tom Sawyer dumfounded at finding himself completely surrounded by chess players.

Bobby learned the game when he was 6 years old, taught by his 10-year-old sister, Joan. Chess circles became aware of him three years ago (SI, April 30, 1956) and his mother, a nurse who knew nothing of chess, began telephoning acquaintances for advice on what she should do about invitations her son was receiving to play in Havana and other distant places. According to Mrs. Bucher he was an ordinary, happy-go-lucky youngster, no trouble at all, when suddenly he started spending all his time at chess boards, neglecting his homework and paying little attention when spoken to. Then two years ago he entered the national junior tournament at Philadelphia and the mystery was solved: he was a chess master.

His record since last July has no equal. He won the junior championship again, the youngest player to do so, and the only one to win it twice. In August he won the National Open at Cleveland over 175 contenders. After enrolling for his sophomore year in high school he entered the Rosenwald, winning the \$600 first prize, custody of the Marshall Cup and the right to enter the zonal tournaments that will decide who is to go to Moscow to play for the world championship.

Bobby's victory last week did not automatically entitle him to membership in the ranks of chess immortals. His game is still uneven, startlingly expert when he is interested but liable to grow perfunctory when he is bored. Some of the strongest American players were not entered in the Rosenwald. (For that matter, the Russian masters have regularly beaten all American champions except Reshevsky.) But the main accidental element in Bobby's triumph was Reshevsky himself. He was late in reaching the tournament because he was playing in a match of international masters in Dallas, and, obviously tiring, drew his game with Bobby and lost to two young players he had often beaten in the past. He entered the final round half a point behind Bobby, who won eight games and drew five. Playing William Lombardy, Reshevsky launched a wild, desperate attack in a final drive to tie for first place. He failed, but chess club

regulars were shouting and applauding as he resigned.

Somebody remembered that his defeat gave Bobby the tournament. But the new champion of the United States was running out the door before the cheering had died down. He had to get home to Brooklyn. After all, he was due in school next morning.

## ANYONE CAN YODEL

TO the naive city dweller, distraught with the clangor of bustling humanity, the finest thing about mountains may well seem their vistas of limitless silence. For the real Alpinist, nothing could be further from the truth. Long before they learned the art of skiing from their Scandinavian cousins in the North, Swiss mountaineers were making the snowy passers ring with a caterwauling that echoed from the peaks as though an entire people were in the throes of an adolescent voice change. Perpetuated through the years as a folk art, the mountaineer's wail came to be known as yodeling, from the basic sounds (yo, di, le, yo) involved in its perpetration.

Over the mountains the echoes ricocheted, into France, into Italy and into the little Bavarian valley where one Magnus Bucher first saw the light of day some 30 years ago. The challenge of the mountains ringing his birthplace turned Magnus into an accredited Alpine guide and an Olympic skier before he was out of his teens. Their melodic echoes filled his heart with delight.



## NONE DOWN

First golfer on the moon is he,  
Yet mad enough to pop.  
Because of lack of gravity,  
The poor guy's putt won't drop.

—RICHARD ARNOLD

Years later, when Champion Skier Bucher followed his old friend and Olympic teammate Willy Schaeffler to America, U.S. skiers were fascinated by his yodeling. "Can we do it too?" they asked, and Magnus graciously responded with a neat manuscript of his own authorship bearing the challenging title: *Anyone Can Yodel*.

Magnus' pupils were happy as larks, if not quite as melodious, but the city folk who publish books turned a deaf ear. Magnus' first effort to publish his own book was a failure: his collaborator pocketed \$150 of Magnus' bank roll and left town. Magnus at last found himself a printer who actually



printed his text for \$320. Then came the problem of selling it. With no money left for promotion, Magnus piled a stack of the books on the counter of a local store in Boulder, Colo. and was amazed to see the first 25 copies selling like ski wax. A squib in a national skiing magazine boosted sales to 400. This could scarcely be called a bonanza, but Magnus, now a man with a mission, carried on. Last summer, in Hollywood, he sank what little money he had left in an LP recording which covered the yodeling course by ear. Cost: \$349. Bucher's bank balance: \$58.

Two months ago, when Magnus appeared on the quiz show *What's My Line?* listeners from coast to coast filled the mails with requests for texts and records of Magnus' course, enclosing the cash to pay for them. Unfortunately, however, Magnus had overlooked the necessity of providing an address, and since he could not afford a telephone, not even the postman in Boulder, Colo. knew where to look for him. All the letters went back to their senders, and Magnus Bucher, a Ph.D. candidate at the local university, was right back where he started.

By last week, things were looking up for the young man whose heart is in his throat. A jukebox promoter was angling for his record. Another TV show was making interested noises, and Magnus himself had converted his college quarters at 1146 Pleasant Street, Boulder into a conservatory bearing the impressive label: *Bucher's School of Yodeling*.

Matriculation was still slow, but Magnus was hopeful. "After all," he says, "there's not another man in the world who is doing this sort of thing."

# BATTLES TO BE

*There are less of them nowadays, but the bosses of collegiate athletics—who convened in sober session while the nation's football coaches met below—found that some remained to be fought*

FLANKED on his left by Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson and on his right by Ohio State's Woody Hayes, a former third-string end from Whittier College named Dick Nixon arose one day last week to make a speech.

"Intercollegiate athletics," said the Vice-President of the United States, "are being more critically examined today than in any period in the last 25 years. I would like to state some of my personal views on the subject."

"I believe that competitive sports are good for America's young men. Americans need the fighting spirit, the determination, the teamwork, the discipline which competitive athletics invariably instills."

"My only objection to competitive athletics is that there is not enough of it."

## As good as two halves

This being a luncheon of the American Football Coaches Association, the Vice-President could hardly have endeared himself more to the voters present by passing out 200-pound halfbacks. Nothing makes athletic coaches happier than talk of more athletics. Yet among the throng assembled in Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford ballroom, there were a few hard put to repress a shudder. Guests of the coaches on this occasion, they were in town for a more important function than to eat baked chicken and listen to speeches. They were the athletic directors, deans and department heads of the nation's colleges and universities who had gathered as delegates to the National Collegiate Athletic Association's annual convention. It had taken them 52 years to get this business of intercollegiate athletics under control in the first place and they sure didn't want anyone—even a Vice-President of the United States—to come

along now with talk of more emphasis and upset the whole apple cart.

As it turned out, there was no cause for worry. Mr. Nixon was really just winding up to pitch for President Eisenhower's youth fitness program, a project which the NCAA itself recognizes to be of such vast importance that much of the organization's own future planning revolves around the subject. So the delegates merely nodded happily and that afternoon, at the end of six quiet but not insignificant days, packed up and headed home.

NCAA members, down to the smallest college representative, can hardly be blamed for the feeling of pride they share today over their organization. After almost half a century of stumbling along in the darkness, in the past five years it has become an effective watchdog over the nation's college athletic program. From a small, almost totally ineffective group in the first decade of the century, and later an amorphous mass of colleges which seemed to be bound together only by the fact that they were colleges, the NCAA has developed into a tight-functioning unit with arms and legs, a healthy body and, most important of all, a brain. Since 1952 the NCAA has also grown two big hard flats and it is this, perhaps more than anything else, which has earned for it universal respect and so much recent success.

Problems remain to be solved, of course, problems less acute than in the past but still big enough to prevent the NCAA from feeling that perfection is just around the corner. Captain Tom Hamilton, for example, head of the U.S. Navy's wartime preflight physical training program and now athletic director at Pitt, is, like President Eisenhower, frankly alarmed at the state of fitness of the nation's youth.

"Incoming college students," he told

a round table during the convention, "are progressively in worse shape. More and more they lack the basic skills. I think it is mainly a problem of administration. Kids are normally active if things are available for them to do."

"Despite the success of our Committee on Infractions," said NCAA President Frank N. Gardner, a big, gray-haired man with a high-pitched voice who once played tackle for Cotner College and now heads the Department of Christian Thought at Drake University, "there is still too much emphasis on recruiting and subsidization. And we know that the television program is far from perfect."

## A solution to red-shirting

The ethnically questionable practice of red-shirting, which holds an athlete out of competition one season so that he may stretch his competitive career over five years, could be abolished if other conferences were to follow the lead of the Big Ten in adopting an eight-semester limit, said the Rev. Edmund P. Joyce of Notre Dame.

And George Young, of the Wisconsin Law School, reminded the convention that it had still other tough, if relatively minor, nuts to crack.

He noted that although excessive aid to athletes has been sharply curtailed, certain "fringe benefits," in the form of high-paid summer jobs, still exist. "I hope," said Young, "that the NCAA and its member institutions become highly inquisitive about the wage scale in relation to the competence of the boy to handle his job."

He also warned member schools that they should not relax their own enforcement program just because the NCAA will now do the job for them. And Young was frankly worried about the excessive pressure on coaches to turn out a winner, thereby depriving

# WON

by ROY TERRELL

them of any chance for a philosophical approach to their jobs. "Assembly-line athletic programs," says Young, "are no good. Coaches should treat boys as individuals, not as parts of a machine." What he was talking about was building character.

Of most concern to Young, however, was the current hot issue of contract-jumping by coaches in order to accept fatter salaries at other schools.

"Something must be done," he said, "about migratory coaches who seem to regard contracts as unilateral agreements binding only upon the colleges. One solution has been suggested whereby the school would withhold part of the coach's salary each year until he completes his full contract. I also heard another idea this morning: coaches who jump contracts would be declared ineligible for one year and be forced to sit out the season without salary. Sort of a red-shirting of coaches. The suggestion was offered facetiously, I suppose, but the implications are rather intriguing."

While the NCAA delegates were meeting on the 18th floor of the hotel to discuss the building of character and jumping of contracts, the character builders and contract-jumpers themselves were gathering below. The fact that the National Collegiate Athletic Association and American Football Coaches Association were both convening in the same city at the same time was no coincidence. The NCAA owes its very existence to a black eye and a bloody nose in the first place, and it has never been far away from the football field in all the years since. In 1903 President Theodore Roosevelt became so concerned with the rash of head and facial injuries brought on by the flying wedge that he ordered the competing colleges to get together and

continued on page 33



**DEDICATED FAN** Dick Nixon talks football at coaches' luncheon with (left to right)

AFCU President James of Cornell, Ohio State's Hayes and Oklahoma's Wilkinson.



**NCAA CHIEFTAIN** Frank N. Gardner of Drake once played tackle, now preaches.



**NCAA TROUBLESHOOTER** Walter Byers talks to reporters at daily press conference.

**HEAD-COACHLESS** Stanford staff, led by Assistant Athletic Director Chuck Taylor

(left), wines and dines Utah's Jack Curtice (wearing glasses) at famed Bookbinders.



# PUNCH, SKILL AND THE HEART

by GILBERT ROGIN

*An appraisal of the champions and leading contenders of 1958 in the six heaviest boxing divisions—featherweight to heavyweight*

PRIZEFIGHTERS are thrust into prominence with such intemperate speed these days that they become main-eventers before the public really gets a chance to know who they are and to learn what they can do. As a service to the televiewer and the occasional attending fan *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* therefore presents on the following pages an appraisal of the champions and top five contenders in the six heavier classes. Not included are the bantam and fly-weight divisions, in which there is negligible action in the United States.

When one sets out to evaluate prizefighters, the two most important qualities to consider are skill and heart; condition is a property the spectator has a right to expect, and it is to the game's discredit that he doesn't always get it. Skill is relatively simple to appraise. A fellow boxes adeptly or clumsily, defends well or poorly, has a mighty punch or a powder puff—all this is rather obvious. But heart, or lack of it, is more difficult to discern. A fighter is said to lack heart if he has a tendency to lose the initiative when the going gets rough, to go purely defensive, to lose the desire to fight back when he is hurt or knocked down. When he has heart, adversity stings him to greater effort. Most of the champions listed here have first-rate fighting hearts. That, perhaps more than their craft, has made them champions. Lack of heart will prevent some of the contenders, whose skills are equally refined, from ever attaining a title.

On certain nights, especially when the course of a match is to their liking, these relatively fainthearted fighters perform brilliantly. But watch when they are crowded, severely tagged, or

dazzled by a flighty boxer. See if they go into a shell, change their styles radically to an unnatural and somewhat passive counterpunching strategy—though a good counterpuncher does not necessarily lack heart. Notice whether they become flustered and swing desperately without thought to aim or pattern—these are all signs of faintness of heart. On the other hand, watch how a Carmen Basilio, for instance, reacts to pain or misfortune. His unruffled, resolute manner amply demonstrates the soundness of his heart. As is said of courageous Thoroughbreds, he is like hickory and does not bend.

Examining the names and accomplishments of the boxers discussed here, one could easily conclude that boxing—as an art or science—is in a grievous state. Rest easy, this has been the plaint from time to time throughout boxing history. It is true, nevertheless. What with the laments of television and the concomitant closing of many small clubs, there are fewer boxers than ever and less talented ones because, for one, there are fewer opportunities to fight. Also, in the present economy, there are easier and better ways to make a living—if not to achieve the old glory—outside the prize ring. Although talent drops off sharply after the first few contenders in several of the divisions, the rankings do contain some remarkable fighters. There is Ray Robinson, beyond his peak, of course, but a fighter who would rank at the very top in any year; Carmen Basilio, a splendid fighting machine; Floyd Patterson, who has lately become one, and a host of young men not yet in the top six, who seem to have excellent

futures if they are not rushed prematurely into television's maw.

The rating of professional prizefighters is an old, inexact and occasionally dishonest business, but it does serve to establish a necessary hierarchy in the game. Most important, it settles who the champions (and top contenders) are in the various weight classes. There have been times when several managers, with the connivance of promoters who liberally billed matches for one championship or another, simultaneously claimed the same title for their boys. The middleweight division, particularly, has a long, confused history of multiple claimants. In 1912, for instance, no less than seven middleweights regarded themselves as champions. Throughout the 1930s, there were usually two middleweight titleholders, one recognized by the National Boxing Association and the other by the New York commission, and often neither of them was recognized internationally. There has been only one such case in the last few years, when the NBA recognized Raul Macias as the bantamweight champion, while Alphonse Halimi was the choice of everyone else. The two finally met and Halimi defeated Macias to become undisputed champion.

It was not until recently that the NBA decided to publish monthly rankings of the 10 top contenders in each class. However Nat Fleischer's *The Ring* magazine has for years published its own highly respected ratings, and its exhaustive compilation of boxing statistics has been of great help in composing this report. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has used the NBA's rankings here only because they are quasi official.



# HEAVYWEIGHT

Wasson, Leloux, Debraze, NC-on contest,  
ND-on defense, TD-technical draw

## FLOYD PATTERSON

### CHAMPION

A fine, young, thoughtful champion who has all the moves. He is at once a resourceful boxer and a punishing biter, although his punch is not quite heavy enough on most occasions to take an opponent out with a single blow. Patterson has consummate hand speed and responds with flurries of combinations to the most ineffectual opening. He has splendid stamina, speed about and heart. His two defects are, curiously, opposites; at times he is overzealous and throws punches off balance, even in mid-air; at times he is overcautious and lets attack opportunities slip by. He is devoted to small animals and small children. Record: W 33, L 1.



## 1: EDDIE MACHEN

A sturdy, workmanlike, upright fighter, Machen has a good straight punch, particularly with the right hand, but is not too impressive as a brawler or lightfighter. He does not adapt easily, performing best from medium range, allowing for ample punching room. He is open to right hands and, if pursued, tends to lose poise. Although he has a powerful punch, the feeling is that Machen is a manufactured rather than a natural fighter. His opponents have been largely hand-picked to suit his style—either ponderous, deliberate types like Johnny Holman or harmless old men like Joey Maxim. He still needs instruction and experience. Record: W 23, L 0.



## 2: ZORA FOLLEY

A tall, even stately, fighter with great reach, Folley boxes from a classical upright stance, shooting out the left jab and crossing over, on occasion, with an overhead right. Rather than pick off punches, Folley leans back to avoid them, which results in his being, at times, off balance for mounting a quick counter. He has a reputation as a lackadaisical, safety-first fighter who can be bullied and discouraged, a good counterpuncher who would rather not lead. This reluctance has now been explained by a chronically ruptured knuckle on his right hand, which he now protects with a radical hand wrapping. Record: W 39, L 2, D 1.



## 3: ROY HARRIS

Harris comes out of Cut and Shoot, Texas (pop. 193) and much has been told of his barefoot beginnings. But little is known of Harris the fighter, since he has never fought outside of Texas or on TV. He's licked Bob Baker, but mild-biting Bob put him down with a right hand. And he whipped Willie Pastrano by beating him to the punch, slipping to the right on Willie's second jab and coming back with a right to the body. When Willie wined to this, Harris fainted him with his right hand and landed a left hook. Said Willie: "He is effectively awkward." Harris has been brought along with great care in friendly arenas. Record: W 21, L 0.



## 4: WILLIE PASTRANO

He is the fastest heavyweight about, this New Orleansian with the smiling good looks and the elaborately curled hair. And he most surely can travel, bounce, dance, slide and glide. Nimbleness and grace are his preoccupations. Pastrano can jab pretty—his chief weapon—he has quick hands, but is, at best, a mediocre puncher. This is due, perhaps, to his constantly being on his toes and therefore not sufficiently set to deliver a jarring blow. He is a quietful reader, takes a punch well and rallies nicely when hit. Pastrano looked sluggish in defeating Willi Hermanoff last November. He needs more power if he is to be a threat. Record: W 44, L 5, D 5.



## 5: NINO VALDES

Geraldo Ramos Ponceiro Valdes, called Nino, the 35-year-old, 6-foot 3-inch Cuban with skin the hue of fine Havana wrapper, was once (1954-55) ranked the No. 1 challenger to Rocky Marciano's title. A series of defeats depreciated his stock and only this month has he regained the top five. Valdes, though somewhat cumbersome, is a skillful boxer for his mass and has a fine right hand. He prefers to counterpunch, and there is controversy about the size of his heart. Last February he finished Joe Erskine, the British champion and a possible opponent for Floyd Patterson, in the first round. Record: W 41, L 14, D 2.



CONTINUED

# LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT

## ARCHIE MOORE

### CHAMPION



Age apparently cannot wither nor custom stifle the infinite ability and variety of the game's most venerated pugilist. No current practitioner, with the possible exception of Willie Pep and Ray Robinson, has done so much positive thinking on the art and such successful application. Moore has lordly confidence, extreme cunning and the patience to husband his strength and wait for the propitious moment. He can almost "see" with his hands and thereby thread a punch home. He is accomplished at smothering and pecking off blows with his forearms, shoulders and gloves and has a fine punch, too. Record: W 161, L 24, D 5.

## 1: HAROLD JOHNSON



This 28-year-old Philadelphia, celebrated for eating the "doped" orange, has been fighting for 13 years and has learned his lessons well. He has magnificent boxing ability and is a sharp hitter who is capable of taking a man out with a single well-timed and delivered blow. Unfortunately he tends to be extremely cautious under pressure and his style becomes mechanical and unpleasing. Johnson is also not the bravest fighter and there are plentiful doubts about the stoutness of his chin and the consistency of his purpose. There is no doubt, however, that when Johnson is having an "on" night, he is extremely dangerous. Record: W 55, L 8.

## 2: YVON DURELLE



"You can't hit a Durelle," Yvon's family doctor has said, and it is this enduring condition which is largely responsible for his eminence. Durelle shows little boxing ability, but he is a rugged and tenacious type, whose crude movements and wildly careering swings make him a mettlesome and troublesome opponent. He admits he does not always have the opportunity to get into the best of shape. Durelle's main concern is the fleet of fishing boats he owns in his native Bois St. Anne, N.B. "My future is in fishing," he says. "Boxing is a hobby, and my heart wouldn't be broken if I didn't win any titles." Record: W 46, L 16, D 2, NC 1.

## 3: TONY ANTHONY



Although he can box like a bandit and hit resoundingly, it seems that young Anthony, like Aristotle's tragic hero, has a flaw resident within him which is his doom. For a while it appeared as though it might be a gentle chin, but against Durelle's moderately heavy blows last June his chin was unyielding, but his heart seemed to give out when he found he could not put the man away. In the Moore fight last September, however, he was gallant to a fare-thee-well, although his chin ultimately was his undoing. Boxing's cynical citizens still must be shown that his heart is not faint, his chin not dime-store china. Record: W 30, L 5, D 1.

## 4: WILLY HOEPNER



It is quite baffling to find Hoepner here ranked so high. In his only U.S. performance—at Milwaukee in 1956—Southpaw Hoepner was knocked out in the second round by Chuck Spiner and showed very little save for several right leads to the body. Hoepner watches, waits and boxes—German papers call him *The Mathematician*—and thus is often absolutely colorless. He does, however, have a substantial right-hand punch which has knocked them out in his native Germany. As one Frankfurter said: "He's beautiful to watch, but he's very cold." He is, in addition, very old: he will be 35 next month. Record: W 48, L 8, D 3.

## 5: YOLANDE POMPEY



Yolande James Michael Sonney Cates Pompey Babethy, of Princeton, Jamaica, B.W.I. and London, England, is really a better fighter than he looks. He does not show to advantage against pressers or bobbers and weavers but is an accomplished adversary against the straight-up-and-down fighter. Pompey fights in the orthodox English style, left elbow tucked well in, always ready to use a straight right. His most damaging punch is a right hook, although he is no particular threat as a banger. According to one British observer, Pompey "is really one of the gamiest kids in the game—and one of its real toffs." Record: W 33, L 4, D 3.

# MIDDLEWEIGHT

## CARMEN BASILIO

### CHAMPION

Marvelous condition, resolve and a mean fighting disposition are the makings of this champion. Basilio does not discourage, no matter how thick the going gets, plodding determinedly on in his flat-footed gait. He has middling power with either hand but his left hook is his most celebrated punch, particularly to the body. He has a wonderful chin but cuts easily about the eyes. A boxer with good footwork, who is able to move from side to side, in and out, could outpoint him. And it remains to be seen—while giving away an expected five or six pounds—how he will do against the division's young bombers. Record: W 43, L 12, D 7.



## 1: RAY ROBINSON

What tease to tell of the Sugarman, that canny cock of the walk: the past or the present? He has had it all: the quickness and the deceit, the sudden power, the good, moving legs, the will and the dazzling way. Now these are but a residue to which he can no longer add; only call upon until it is, at last, used up. But Ray has lost much of the will. Training, even with Soldier Jones softly whistling him *Sweet Lorraine* to skip rope by, is a fire-some necessity. If he fights Basilio again it would be foolhardy to regard it only as the last payday. "We that are young shall never see so much . . ." as Alhany said of Lear. Record: W 140, L 6, D 2, ND 1.



## 2: GENE FULLMER

A bawling, little, club fighter who changes dropkicks, throwing face, arms, head and shoulders at his opponent. He has marvelous purpose, toughness and stamina, and although he possesses very little punch, he keeps swinging as though he had one. He has crazy boxing ability but his inherent awkwardness proves puzzling. Fullmer has a formidable defense of rigid, vertical forearms which cage his head, but sometimes, in his fury, he neglects it. Fullmer can also be a quick and reasonably effective counter-puncher. His strength, however, is his main asset and he makes sound use of it in infighting. Record: W 48, L 4.



## 3: JOEY GIARDELLO

A first-class fighter for four or five rounds, but if he doesn't hurt you early he looks just to beat you. Although predominantly a hooker, he has a strong right cross and likes to make a combination of the left hook followed by a right uppercut. Giardello is a reasonably upright guy who can evade a punch. He has a tendency to get discouraged and there have been fitful complaints about the quality of his heart. Giardello's most spectacular defeat came after he belabored a South Philadelphia filling station attendant about the head with a crutch in 1954. He was paroled after 15 weeks in Holmsburg Prison. Record: W 71, L 13, D 5, ND 1.



## 4: RORY CALHOUN

Rory's Sunday punch is a clubbing, overhand right which he cocks awesomely before launching. It is supplemented by a somewhat tentative jab and a veering left hook. Although Calhoun can be led on a merry chase by the stab-and-clutch guy, he is bad news when he gets the range. In early fights he seemed to have a weak foundation, but that has not been evident of late. He has picked up one bad habit, however: impatiently pawing a thigh with a glove, a mannerism which a quick puncher may take advantage of. His given Christian name is Herman; and, yes, Virginia, he was named after the film actor. Record: W 31, L 2, D 1.



## 5: CHARLES HUMEZ

Known as the "machine de box" in his native France, Humez has fought professionally but twice in the U.S., losing narrowly to Ralph (Tiger) Jones and Gene Fullmer. In these two efforts he showed that he was a diligent, well-conditioned and brave fist fighter who doted on infighting. He also makes good and consistent use of the left jab, even to the body. Humez is reasonably open to a right hand, as his cauliflowered left ear testifies, and he cuts quite easily. Besides having some 300 amateur bouts, he has campaigned as a pro for 10 years and may well be reaching the close of a good, if not spectacular, career. Record: W 91, L 6, D 1, ND 1.



CONTINUED

## 1: ISAAC LOGART



Like Kid Gavilan, the bolo-punching ex-champ with the hooded, reptilian eyes, Logart wears white ring shoes, comes from Camaguey, Cuba and has a lot of the old flash. He is a picture fighter who moves according to the book. He has a variety of punches and good legs but, alas, not the biggest heart in the world. When the going gets tough he becomes a defensive fighter, slipping, warding, feinting admirably, but he is reluctant to take the initiative. In a word, he is a procrastinator. Although he takes a punch nicely, a smart puncher will beat him. The youngest of a family of 11 boys and three girls, Logart is a skilled mechanic. Record: W 52, L 7, D 5.

## 2: GIL TURNER



The trouble with Turner is that he is not really a welter. His best fighting weight is a 150- to 155-pounder, and he is weakened when he has to make weight. Conversely, Turner is at a considerable disadvantage when he fights full-grown middleweights, and he often does. Withal, he is a courageous, risky and well-conditioned fighter, always hustling forward, throwing an unrelenting succession of punches. Although he doesn't hit with any great power, Turner is a pleasing fast fighter because of his willing ways. On defense, he does not attempt to evade blows, instead picks them off on the way in with elbows, gloves and arms. Record: W 55, L 15, D 1.

## 3: VIRGIL AKINS



The career of the St. Louis Honey-bear has been curiously inconsistent: one night a tiger, another, a lamb. This has been attributed to brittle hands, lack of condition and a disposition to work no harder than the demands of a particular bout necessitate. Akins is a good puncher with unusually long arms and has a very steady right hand. His best blows are body shots and he belly-jabs beautifully. When he is tigerish, Akins is a shifty, aggressive fighter, but despite his industry and cute ways he has never caught the fancy of the crowd. He is strangely colorless and, indeed, something of a mechanic. Record: W 45, L 17, D 1.

## 4: VINCE MARTINEZ



An adroit and highly skilled boxer, Martinez has, as his major weapons, an efficient jab and a whale of a right hand. Once he hurts you, he shakes his aloof ways and wades in strong with both hands for the finish. He is also a remarkable defensive fighter, as his dapper features attest. There has been opinion that Martinez becomes overcautious when he is ahead, that he is too concerned with maintaining his noble profile and that his heart is not what it could be in the burly-burly. "I don't want to be a bloody hero," Martinez has said. "I want to win without getting hurt if I can help it. Why should I stick my chin out?" Record: W 58, L 5.

## 5: GASPAR ORTEGA



El Indio is unusually tall for a welterweight (almost 6 feet) but makes despairingly little use of his height and reach, being disinclined to stand off and box with the jab and cross. He prefers, instead, to battle headlong in on his long legs, running like a man on a treadmill, to crouch, weave and come up inside with right uppercuts, or flail away with pumping shots to the body. Ortega is easy to hit, he does not slip or sucker leads and counter. He takes a punch well, however, and has plenty of heart. His condition is uncertain and his punch not too damaging. Ortega is 22 years old and was born in Colonia Morelos, Mexico. Record: W 42, L 10, D 1.

## 6: TONY DeMARCO



An unruly, rough-housing fighter, DeMarco has a first-rate left hook, fair right hand and a meaningless jab. Punching power is, assuredly, his principal asset. Since he has become something of a success—and no longer hungry, as it is said—he seems to have lost a little edge. He is a smart fighter who can slip a punch well and come back strong with a hook. If you move, you can confuse him. If you are aggressive, you can take it out of him. He has a tendency to tire in the late rounds, not so much physically, however, as mentally. DeMarco, born Leonardo Lesta, was briefly welterweight champ in 1935. Record: W 54, L 10, D 1.

# LIGHTWEIGHT

## JOE BROWN

### CHAMPION

Durdened with a name which reads like an inept alias, Joe Brown has fought in what they call obscurity for 12 years and even now, as champion, is little known and lightly regarded. It is a shame, for Brown is a first-rate boxer-puncher who has a thorough mastery of his craft, superb legs for a man of 31 and a good sense of strategic pace. A clever counterpuncher, Brown has a snappy jab which he often hooks off, a sparingly used but powerful right. If you give him room, he'll pull you out of position and, as one manager grandly phrases it—annihilate you. He doesn't like to be crowded, however. Record: W 67, L 14, D 9, NC 2.



## 1: KENNY LANE

He is one of the most deceptive fighters in the business, and not only because he is a left-hander. The last, of course, compounds an opponent's bewilderment—the right jab, the left cross, the way the lefty moves away from right-hand shots. Lane's greatest asset is his ability to get set before hitting; and he hits hard and can inflict cuts. In addition, Lane is an accurate puncher, fair fighter and takes a good wallop. In fact, he has never been counted out. His deception is also due to well-reasoned bobs, weaves and spins. His best fighting weight, however, seems to be several pounds over the division limit. Record: W 51, L 5.



## 2: RALPH DUPAS

Trained by the prudent Whitley Ewens, the one-legged New Orleansian who doesn't like to see his boys get hurt (Heavyweight Pastrano is another shiny pupil), Dupas developed into such a flighty, stab-and-run, pop hitter that he was called Native Dancer. The fans used to turn out in the expectation that one night someone would catch up with him—and, pow! Although he now attempts to be more aggressive, Dupas still has a minimum of power, but he is an artful boxer who uses the ring and ropes extremely well. Lately he has fought as a 141- to 143-pounder and it is felt that he may be outgrowing his class. Record: W 68, L 8, D 6.



## 3: DUILIO LOI

The chief defect of this husky Italian fighter is, as one manager puts it, "that he is not constantly at the top of his form. Sometimes he even turns out to be utterly mediocre." When Loi is in condition and has the proper attitude, he is an ingenious and elusive boxer who has exceptional judgment and surprising speed of hand and foot. Born in Trieste of Sardinian extraction, the 28-year-old European champion has fought only once in the U.S., outpointing Glen Flanagan at Miami Beach early in 1955. He is apparently reluctant to return, however, except, and even then is doubtful, for a title bout. Record: W 85, L 1, D 4.



## 4: WILLIE TOWEEL

Kid brother of the former (1950-52) world bantamweight champion, Vic Toweel, Willie came within a whisker of winning that very title in 1955 when he held Robert Cohen to a draw. Towheel is essentially a fast, clever, upright boxer with good footwork and a sound defense. He has a fine left jab, a fairly solid right counter but no real power in his left hand. Although he has an impressive number of knockouts, they have been scored against opposition that can hardly be regarded as demanding. Towheel, who has never fought in the U.S., lives in Johannesburg, South Africa and is of Lebanese extraction. Record: W 37, L 1, D 2.



## 5: PAOLI ROSI

Something of a late bloomer, Rosi, who will be 30 this month, didn't start fighting professionally until 1951. Partially bald and squalline of feature, Rosi is a hard, quick, clever puncher, particularly with his right hand, has a neat defense and is regarded as an accurate hitter. In his last outing against Johnny Busc, however, he was often wild, due, perhaps, to the effects of a lung layoff. He has been knocked out twice but both fights were stopped because of cuts; Rosi is known in the trade as a bad bleeder. Originally from Rieti, Italy, a city 70 miles distant from Rome, Rosi now resides in The Bronx. Record: W 27, L 4, D 1.



CONTINUED

# FEATHERWEIGHT

## HOGAN (KID) BASSEY

### CHAMPION



The first Nigerian to gain a world's championship, Bassey started scrapping for chunks of ice in a Calabar cold-storage plant when he was 19 and named Okon Bassey Asuquo. In his only U.S. appearance, in which he outpointed Miguel Berrios last April, the stubby Bassey was singularly impressive. He is essentially a puncher with a redoubtable left hand, and is very long on heart and intensity. He is a good hooker, throws swift jabs and a combination built of hooks to the body and a robust right to the head. Although Bassey has been knocked down with some frequency, he usually bounces right back. Record: W 49, L 10, D 1.

## 1: CHERIF HAMIA



He is a good, smart, busy combination fighter who moves with alacrity and purpose, and he was exceedingly well thought of when he won three fights here in 1958. Hamia is alert to all openings, is an excellent counterpuncher and is always superbly conditioned. Like most French pugilists (he was born in Guergon, Algeria), his chin is nicely protected by closely held gloves. He fights in rattling flurries and hits sharply, although not renowned as a knockout puncher in recent years. Hamia likes to force the issue with a series of peppery jabs and then close with a sequence of leaping rights and lefts. Record: W 31, L 2, D 2.

## 2: DAVEY MOORE



A chunky (he is only 5 feet 3 inches tall), clubfighter who punches solidly but does not always maintain the pace. He is known as a good front runner but has a tendency to go into a shell when the going gets sticky. Moore has risen rapidly in the rankings by dint of winning all five of his starts last year. The 1952 AAU featherweight champion, Moore was on the U.S. Olympic team that year and advanced to the quarter-finals before losing for want of aggressiveness. He lives in Springfield, Ohio, is married, has two children and is an enthusiastic hunter. Moore's father is pastor of the Jesus Only church in Urbana, Ohio. Record: W 27, L 5, D 1.

## 3: RICARDO MORENO



He is called Pajarito or "the little bird," but he is a formidable and violent brawler. In 33 bouts he has knocked out 29 (most of them, indeed, noncontests). Moreno is never on his toes and therefore has the leverage to throw his most awesome combination—a double left hook; rise first, head after. He has absolutely no defense and takes punches with haughty disdain. If you are cute enough to stay out of his way, you can outpoint him, and even Pajarito can be out-bludgeoned. His manager had a revealing excuse after his lone knockout: "He hits so hard, he thinks he don't have to train—only in front of dance orchestras." Record: W 29, L 3, D 1.

## 4: IKE CHESTNUT



A classy and quite durable combination puncher, Chestnut has quickness of hand and can fight either from long range, boxing smartly and keeping his man off balance with the jab, or go inside and mix it. Chestnut is a fast starter but sometimes tends to lose his form and composure under pressure. He was not considered much of a bleeder until Moreno stopped him on a cut cheek last November. Chestnut had a long amateur campaign, with All-Army and Golden Gloves titles among his 86 triumphs. Before becoming a professional boxer, he worked as a sail cutter and as a hospital orderly. Record: W 28, L 9, D 3.

## 5: ISIDRO MARTINEZ



The Panamanian champion has, as a bewildered Ike Chestnut once said, "a cockeyed style. . . ." (He does: a lot of goofy stuff.) Izzy's goodness comes, in the main, from a practice of switching over to a southpaw stance, either for the moment or for a sequence of rounds. He is an extremely quick, shifty and courageous boxer, darling in and out, jabbing, dancing off, ducking, whirling about and lowering with his best punch, a left hook. Martinez, 28, was born in the coastal hamlet of Carique, moved early to Colon but presently lives far from the capital at Las Mercedes Beach because he likes its solitude. Record: W 19, L 3, D 1.



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# Beat the 'Nalu' and You Win the Race



C. WILLIAM LAPWORTH

That's the claim of Designer Lapworth (left) as West Coast sailors prepare for the Acapulco race

by EZRA BOWEN

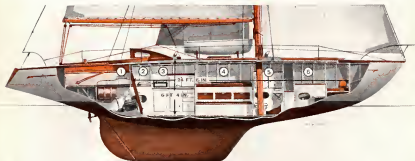
A LOT OF UNKIND THINGS have been said about Peter Grant's *Nalu II*, shown at right rushing past Diamond Head at the finish of the last Honolulu Race. Because of her high topsides, which have helped her to a comfortable bandieap under the complex statutes of yacht racing, she has been called an indecicate rule beater. Because of her high center of gravity and light hull that lacks driving power, she has been called a dog to windward in a heavy blow. For the same reason of light displacement, and the quick motion that results from it, she has been called a poor sleeping boat. And most of all, because of the reverse curve or sheer of her deckline, because of her flush deck, i.e., cabin top that extends all the way out to the gunwales, and because of her outward sloping transom, she has been called ugly as sin.

That's what some people have said. But the important thing to say about *Nalu* this week when she lines up for the Acapulco race alongside 37 of the finest yachts on the

West Coast is that *Nalu* will probably win the race. And if she doesn't actually win, she is almost sure to chase the winner right down to the wire and scare him half to death before she is through.

"Beat the *Nalu*," says Bill Lapworth, "and you generally win the race." Lapworth might well be prejudiced in *Nalu*'s favor, since he designed the boat, but the record bears him out. Last summer, *Lepied* beat *Nalu* to Honolulu by 3 hours on corrected time and won the race. Two years ago, *Evenfide* got to Acapulco 22 hours and 31 minutes ahead of *Nalu* and won the race. In the 1954 Bermuda race, her only major effort on the East Coast, *Nalu* took second in Class C. And in the 1955 Honolulu, she slipped a notch but still proved her point by finishing third. So much for her racing capabilities. As for the nasty things people say about her, that is the way traditionalists are likely to talk about light-displacement boats.

continued



SPACIOUS CABIN of *Nalu* has 6 feet 4 inches headroom, measures 24 feet 6 inches from forward end of cockpit (1) to forward end of forecabin (6), with no obstructions in between. Partial bulkheads subdivide cabin into convenient units but do not impede passage. Tucked beneath deck to port and starboard of

cockpit are 6-foot-by-2-foot-3-inch quarter berths (2). Galley (3) has sink, two-burner Coleman stove, with chart table and sextant to starboard. Multi-hub area (4) has full berth and settee berth to port and starboard. Water tanks are under the settee berths. Forecabin also has two full berths. Head (5) is enclosed





PERENNIAL RUNNER-UP IN TOP PACIFIC RACES, "NALU" FINISHED SECOND IN 1954 ACAPULCO RACE AND IN HONOLULU RACE (ABOVE)

**"MAU II"**

LGA 45 FT 3 IN  
LWL 32 FT 8 IN



**LIGHT-DISPLACEMENT** hull has flat-bottom, fin keel, high topsides, low bulk to push through sea

**"FIGARO"**

LGA 43 FT 5 IN  
LWL 32 FT 8 IN



**KEEL-CENTERBOARD** design has broad beam, shallow keel supplemented by board, is strong sea boat

**"DORADE"**

LGA 32 FT  
LWL 28 FT 6 IN

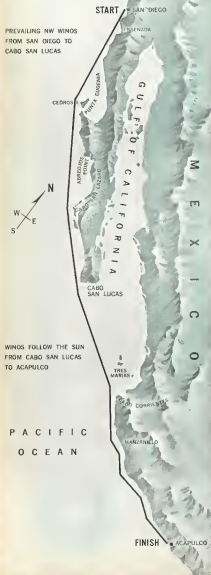


**CONVENTIONAL-KEEL** boat has narrow beam, deep draft, is fast under but tends to be wet in rough water.



## COURSE FROM SAN DIEGO TO ACAPULCO—1,431 MILES

PREVAILING NW WINDS  
FROM SAN DIEGO TO  
CABO SAN LUCAS



**MOST POPULAR** light-displacement design in California is Lapworth's light, fast L-36 sloop. Two L-36s will enter Acapulco race.

### ACAPULCO RACE

*continued*

A traditionalist in yacht design is somebody who favors fat, tough centerboarders like the typical Sparkman & Stephens yawl, *Figaro III* (see diagram), and the *Escapade* (above), designed by Philip L. Rhodes. Or he likes them deep in the keel, narrow in the beam, with a front silhouette like a wine glass—*Derade*, for example, the sensation of the '30s. All these boats have long records of fine racing performance, particularly on the East Coast, the bastion of U.S. yachting tradition.

There is some sound nautical reasoning behind these traditions. A boat like *Derade* sails beautifully on all points of the wind. Her type sails so well, however, that the racing rules have handicapped it out of first place in practically every important salt-water race in the past half-dozen years. Furthermore, a deep-keel boat is likely to spend a discouraging amount of time getting stuck and unstuck on the bottoms of shallow eastern harbors. For the above reasons, and also because cruising and racing in the East involve a lot of rugged beating to windward, where broad beam and heavy timbers keep a boat up and driving, the centerboard yawls have come to be the predominant type.

In California, things are different. Most of the big races are a combination of a short- or a light-windward leg and a long slide down the wind. Under these conditions, there is nothing like *Nalu*.

By definition, all light-displacement boats weigh less—*Nalu*, a 46-footer, weighs 22,300. So does *Piwisler* (SI,



**OLD CAMPAIGNER**, 72-foot *Expedite*, finished first in 1956, will carry **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** beating reporter in this year's event.



**DARK HORSE** of race is new *Rocking Chair III*, another Lapworth creation. Designer plans to sail aboard her from San Diego.

June 18, 1956), but she is 7 feet shorter. They have less bulk below the waterline, less mass to push through the water. Therefore, they start quickly, responding to the slightest puff of wind. This is just as well on the Acapulco race, since on the last 678 miles light puffs are what you get.

The lack of heft and high center of gravity does indeed hurt going to windward in heavy weather, but in California sailing there aren't that many slug-ging matches. Going to leeward in a fresh breeze, however, *Nala* really flies. And here again she is perfectly suited to the Acapulco race, since the usual wind from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas is dead astern at 15 knots (see map). Under these conditions, *Nala*'s light hull climbs up on the long Pacific rollers and races down their backs, often exceeding by as much as 3 knots her theoretical maximum speed of about 9 knots.

When she gets to Acapulco, her narrow fin keel will be in no danger of hitting the bottom, 14 fathoms away at the Boca Chica entrance and 6 fathoms in the boat basin.

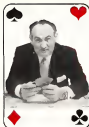
After the race, on the long cruise back, some of her other characteristics, unattractive to her critics, will become mighty attractive to the crew of *Nala*. The high topides, which may make her a rule beater, and the

reverse sheer, which may make her ugly, also combine to provide a main cabin (see drawing) as roomy as that on a boat 20 feet longer. Her skipper, Peter Grant, calls her "the hotel," and she is almost that spacious and comfortable. The light weight is going to be an advantage north of Cabo San Lucas if time runs so short that it becomes necessary to turn on the engine. A light boat can get along on very little gasoline, and there are perhaps three gas docks on the entire 753-mile length of the west coast of Baja California.

As for her quick motion, *Nala* is undeniably less stable at anchor than a heavier boat. However, heavy boats have other things wrong with them, not the least of which is their cost. The price of a yacht is figured in dollars per pound, and the going rate is about \$2 to \$2.50 per pound. Furthermore, in the matter of physical comfort, all yachting has to be taken in perspective. No boat is as comfortable as a house. And anyone who says otherwise is letting his enthusiasm for salt water run away with him. Yachting is an adventure, and the cruise back from Acapulco is one of the greatest of marine adventures (SI, Jan. 28, 1957). It's well worth a little bouncing around. **END**



**ORGANIZER** of first Acapulco race held in 1953 was popular, cigar-smoking Francisco (Paco) de la Macorra, leading Mexican yachtsman and host for American sailors.



## CARDS ON THE TABLE

by CHARLES GOREN

# Sam, You Made the Suit Too Long

THERE ARE two factors which more than any others appear to affect the clear vision of a vast majority of bridge players. One is possession of 100 honors, the other is the holding of a six-card suit. Either of these conditions is apt to induce a declarer complex, and, when they are both present, partner's chance of playing the hand is negligible indeed.

Exhibit A for the prosecution is here submitted:

NORTH			
NEITHER VULNERABLE SOUTH DEALER			
WEST	SOUTH		EAST
	SOUTH		
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 spade	Pass	2 clubs	Pass
4 no trump	Pass	5 diamonds	Pass
6 spades	Pass	Pass	Pass

This department is of course withholding its endorsement of the bidding sequence employed by North and South in the current offering. South opened modestly

enough with one spade, but North got off on the wrong foot when he chose to respond with a bid of two clubs. Not that there is anything theoretically wrong with such a response. North has ample strength to justify probing at the level of two. However the response of two clubs involves what we regard as postponing the agony. It simply means that North will have to take further action to paint a more descriptive picture of his holding. Inasmuch as he holds 13 points he should be willing to insist upon an eventual game contract, and the contract best suggested by his holding would be no trump. A response of two no trump, forcing to game, is therefore the approved choice and sets the stage for South to assay the trick-taking power of the combined holding.

When North chose the "over-delicate approach" with his call of two clubs, South, properly excited, uttered the magic words "four no trump," and with that utterance he dug the grave for a promising enterprise. North announced the holding of an ace, and South then sealed the bargain at six spades.

Unhappily, the heart opening set the contract before the declarer obtained the lead. True enough, had hearts not been opened or had the ace of hearts been favorably located the slam contract would have been fulfilled. But no complaint of hard luck should be sympathetically heard when misfortune could so easily have been prevented.

Had North chosen the recommended response of two no trump the basis for the best final contract would have been laid, provided South could find it in his nature to resist the lure of 100 honors. This is perhaps the best place to observe that in handling rock-crushers the player with a worthless two- or three-card suit should abstain from the use of Blackwood to afford partner an opportunity to employ that device. And as a logical development of this principle, a player holding a singly or doubly guarded king of a side suit should strive to become declarer to protect that king from attack at the opening lead.

Even after North's response of two clubs South might have saved the day by jumping in his own suit, or, if he chose to be romantic, he might make a jump shift in diamonds, but the point is that North should be given the first chance to bid no trump. With North as declarer, a six no-trump contract is impregnable.



Governor Luther H. Hodges of North Carolina

## Governor's report

*A familiar sight with flyrod or rifle in hand, no one in North Carolina pursues sports with more devotion than its first citizen.*

*A Vice President of Marshall Field and Cowpens until his retirement in 1950, he was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1952, succeeded to Governorship in 1961, was elected Governor in 1968 and is immediate past Chairman of the Southern Governors' Conference.*

I once saw a proverb hanging in a waterfront shack:

*"Allah does not detract from the allotted span of man the time he spends at fishing."*

I've always taken heart from this. For among all sports fishing is my first allegiance. And a governor's duty suggests that right here may be the place to note that in North Carolina we have it in abundance, from trout in the Great Smokies to channel bass in the surf of our wind-swept Outer Banks to blue marlin in the Gulf Stream.

I have first-hand evidence, too, that wherever sports exist in a state, they are tangible assets, encouraging not only industrial and economic progress but perhaps best of all, better living for all.

Around our house, therefore, it's no surprise to find **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, with its wide, weekly and wonderful view of sports and its keen appreciation of their values, a favorite magazine. And we trust that Allah will not detract from our allotted span the time we spend in reading it!

*Luther Hodges*

**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** • AMERICA'S NATIONAL SPORTS WEEKLY



Feet that go  
places need  
**SHOE  
SAVER**  
KEEPS YOUR  
FEET DRY  
EASY TO APPLY

SHOE SAVER the famous  
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## dictionary

I read **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**  
each week because of the  
thoroughness of reporting all  
sports. It serves as a weekly  
sports dictionary.

CARY MIDDLECOPF



# TIP FROM THE TOP

from **TERLE JOHNSON**  
DuPont CC, Wilmington, Del.



### ESPECIALLY FOR OVER-30 SHOOTERS

The most consistent shot hit by golfers today is the topped ball. When they make this error, the most consistent comments in golf follow: "You picked your head up" and "Keep your head down." This is all very well and good except that it doesn't quite explain to the golfer why it is he raises his head when he is concentrating for all he is worth on keeping it down.

Assuming the golfer is standing the correct distance from the ball at address, there are only two reasons for a topped ball: 1) hitting with the left arm bent; 2) straightening up from the waist before impact. In this latter connection, when a golfer straightens up too soon instead of staying down and over the ball as he hits through the ball, the head moves up along with the chest and shoulders.

To overcome topping, first make sure that you are not standing too far away from the ball at address. Secondly, on the backswing keep the clubhead low along the ground as you take it back. Keeping the arms low helps keep the upper part of the body in its proper position.

Then, on the downswing, hit the ball with your left arm straight and fully extended.



**NEXT WEEK: BILLY BURKE ON THE LEFT HAND IN CHIPPING**

# HOUSE OF LORDS

the  
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light-natured  
Scotch

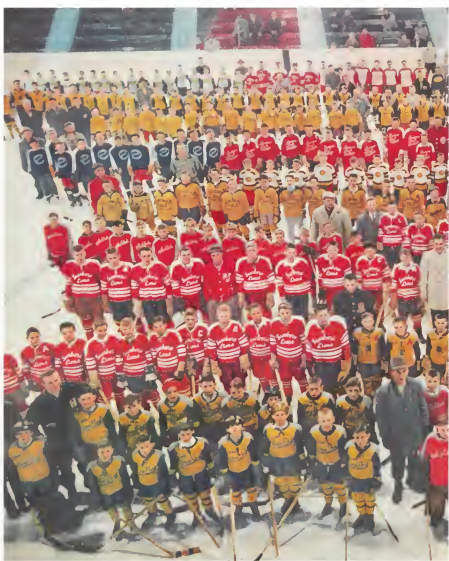
A superb blend of  
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Aging in sherry-mellowed  
casks adds to the  
delicate bouquet—a rare  
rich flavor!



"Measuring Scotch whisky into casks." Authentic scene  
inside "spirit store" of old Highland distillery.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF. IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



# *All Out for Hockey*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD MEEK





**T**HIS STAGGERING ASSEMBLAGE of youngsters and coaches on the ice of Toronto's Scarboro Arena is vivid testimony to the loyalty of Canadians to their national game. This is the Scarboro Lions League, 700 strong, a highly developed and well-equipped organization for boys 8 to 15, who play a game a week during the season. Each age group

has a separate framework within the league, from Tyke to Midget teams, and thereafter the better players are directed toward farm clubs of the Toronto Maple Leafs. Toronto Rookie Bobby Baum is a Scarboro graduate who has made the big league. In uniform or out, Canadian kids have an icy good time; for a look at informal hockey turn the page.



**BACKYARD HOCKEY** on impromptu rink made by heaving a Toronto lawn lures Teddy La Palm, 10, Margaret Callahan, 4, Charles Jewett, 6.

# BONNIE PRUDDEN

## 26

The shoulder stand is good for strengthening the torso and the arms

A



B



C



The strong abdominal muscles which you have gained through Bonnie's previous exercises must be balanced by flexible back muscles and hamstrings. This week's exercise, the shoulder stand, will give you this necessary flexibility and will also increase your shoulder and arm strength. For a variation of B, try spreading your legs, rotating them clockwise, then counterclockwise.

Sit in a curled-up position, forehead on knees and hands flat on the floor (A). Keeping head down, roll back onto shoulders, raising legs straight (B). Then place hands at waist for support. Roll back to A and repeat until it becomes easy. Then from B bring knees down to nose and stretch legs overhead (C), but do not touch floor at first. After this stretched position becomes easy, lower your feet to the floor. It is less difficult to do C with legs apart, as shown, but eventually you should try for a feet-together touch. For a change, in position B try the bicycle or scissor kick.

# I Got the Horse Right Here

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

**T**HIS WEEK Hialeah Park starts its 140-day, stake-flecked meeting, during which almost a million people will bet close to \$100 million on the past performances of race horses.

People will clip newspaper selections and take them to the track with them; comb the racing papers for help in selecting a winner, buy tout cards at the entrances to the track. But every public handicapper who tries to pick nine winners a day will end up losing, despite the inside information he claims to have. Possibly only one man, a 56-year-old iconoclast among horse selectors, will show a profit at the end of Hialeah and at the end of 1958 as well.

Through cartoon and code, inside information, chemistry, luck, deep-seated knowledge and a dash of voodoo, Kenneth Lionel Kling will try to beat the horses publicly in a syndicated cartoon named *Joe and Asbestos*. Until 1957 Kling had beaten the horses for 31 straight years. At the end of last year he was discouraged and outraged at having lost \$161.50. By the time 1958 was 10 days old he had picked 8 winners out of 24 selections, including the third-highest-priced (\$94.30) horse in his career. His tips are printed in code underneath his cartoon strip.

By watching every race every day except Saturdays, Kling is able to see things that most horseplayers never see. "A selector cannot do a competent job if he doesn't observe every race daily. Many things occur during a race which do not appear in the racing charts. A chart caller for a racing publication is too busy watching the first few horses to observe what is happening to the rear guard. When I observe a race I seldom watch the first few horses until they are half way down the stretch. Before that I usually watch those in the rear. Watch how they become pocketed and forced to pull up. Watch how timid jockeys ease their mounts coming to the first turn for fear of getting hurt. These same horses which are eased at the turn and almost eliminated may make up much ground later on. When the jockey sees it's too late to win, he doesn't punish his horse.

I watch a horse like that for his next start. His odds will be inviting."

When Kling speaks or walks or dresses, he is like a character from the first act of *Guy and Dolls*. Words squirt out staccato fashion from the right side of his mouth. He hurries through clubhouse and grandstand like a kangaroo, bounding everywhere. His hat is carried at an angle and he wears clip-on bow ties with his sport shirts. He looks more like a losing horseplayer than a man who earns \$100,000 a year from self-syndication. These, of course, are affectations which he has developed. Off the track he is an articulate man who wears white shirts and knows the headwaiters at "21" and the Stock Club. Constantly he talks horses, and wherever he goes people pester him for tips. Away from the track he is gracious and interested in people. Seldom does he give tips outside of the text beneath his cartoon strip.

Many say he is not a good cartoonist, that his jokes are heavy-handed, that he is lucky. As far as horseplayers are concerned, *Joe and Asbestos* is more cleverly drawn than a Rembrandt, his jokes are funny because his two characters, Joe Quince and Asbestos Jones

(see drawing below) speak in the language of racing. ("I came to Florida for the winter and found it.") His tiny, imaginary horse, Shrimpie, is as well known as Citation, Native Dancer or Naahua because in match races in the cartoon, Shrimpie has beaten them all, marched over 58 straight opponents. Right now Shrimpie is going into a satellite to help science.

If you take a close look at Joe and Asbestos, it is not hard to see that they were developed after Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff. This is due to the fact that Kling used to work for Fisher, at times ghosted Mutt and Jeff. When he first started working with Fisher he would say to his friends, "Look for my initials next Wednesday." Fisher had let Kling black the clothes of the characters, and he would leave enough white space for the initial "K" to show up. And through Fisher, Kling got interested in horses. At Saratoga in 1923 Kling bet all his money on Fisher's horse Cartoonist, \$500 win, \$500 place, \$500 show. Cartoonist ran fourth, and Kling borrowed money and came back to New York broke. He went to the *New York Evening World* and suggested an idea for a cartoon in which the central char-



KLING'S CHARACTERS: HETTIE AND HATTIE HERKIMER, ASBESTOS, SHRIMPIE AND JOE

*Ken Kling, the most successful public handicapper, is someone who could have stepped right out of the cast of 'Guys and Dolls'*

acter lost all his money on the horses one day and had to dig up money for the next day. The offer was refused.

Kling went to Baltimore and sold his idea to the *Baltimore Evening Sun* on a trial basis. The next day with the horses running at nearby Bowie he picked a horse named Shuffle Along and had Quince bet \$5 on him. Shuffle Along won, and Kling was \$55 ahead. The next day he had Quince bet the \$55 back on a horse called Aggravating Papa. Sure enough, his selection bounded home, and Kling's bankroll was \$220. Everyone wanted more winners and the only thing Kling knew about horses was that the first time he went to the races he had lost \$1,500. The *New York World* wired him after a few weeks, and he came back to New York. His first salary at Baltimore was \$25 a week; later it had been raised to \$100. At the *World* he drew \$200 a week.

#### Asbestos serves

In 1927, after pounding through the stable areas, he introduced his second character, Asbestos Jones, modeled after nearly every colored stableboy in the country.

Today people do not try to fend off Kling in his search for information. If a trainer doesn't help him or doesn't know him, Kling doesn't worry. He has a net of eckers throughout the country whom he pays \$300 a week to give him the latest information on horses which are ready to win. He spends \$80 a week in long-distance phone calls to contacts who can help him. But most of his information he ferrets out by swirling about the track. Three weeks ago at Tropical, Kling talked to 27 people, most of them behind his hand, in a period of 47 minutes.

He explains it this way, "I have to be on the go all the time. I haven't had a day off in 32 years. I rely on myself. I think that I can remember over 1,000 horses and what they did in their last races. Maybe I can't remember whether they ran eighth or ninth, but I can recall whether they were coming on or falling back."

Last week, Kling was back in his



KLING CAREFULLY WATCHES losing, not winning, horses in race. One of his doctrines: "Glasses are a must at the race track in order to observe mishaps for future reference."

home on Central Park West in New York, where he has test tubes filled with soil from every track in the country. When it rains he drops water onto the soil and sees how it compares to the track where the horse ran in his last start. "Mud is different all over," he says. "It's never muddy at Jamaica. At Belmont it gets real muddy. Sometimes a big stable will force the track management to change the soil to help their horses. Then I have to get some more soil to keep tabs."

The code in which he publishes his tips, which will read something like "BERTHA 8-26-14," is easily broken, only by the time it is broken there is a new weekly code key sold. (It is available at 50¢ a copy on newsstands or by subscription.) Bertha means the number of the race and the numbers stand for letters. Thus Bertha could mean seventh race at Churchill Downs, 6 could stand for the first letter in the horse's name (I, for example), 26 for the second (R, for example) and 14 for the last (E, for example). By scanning the entries of the seventh at Churchill Downs you would get from Liege.

But behind good handicapping, Kling has some theories of his own. For example, he says: "Hedley Woodhouse is the best jockey in the country at riding fillies and mares. . . . At mile tracks I favor horses with post positions 1, 2 and 3. . . . The run to the first turn is most important at races of a mile or a mile and one-sixteenth. . . . At most meetings there are two hot jockeys who spring up. These are not the stars, these are apprentices [young jockeys who because of inexperience are allowed to ride with less weight than experienced jockeys]. I favor these because stables anxious to win a bet usually try hard to obtain the hot apprentice—less than 10% of the stables rely more on bets than on purses."

Kling predicted that Howard Grant would be the best jockey at Tropical this year and John Ruane would be the second best. As the meeting ended Grant was ahead of Ruane 38-31.

And unlike many, many of the public handicappers who pick one horse and bet another, Ken Kling bets on his own selections. "I've done very well, too," he says. (E.E.R.)

## NCAA CONVENTION

continued from page 25

modify their rules for safety's sake or else. From that day forward, the NCAA and the football coaches have enjoyed a close, if sometimes heated, alliance.

At Philadelphia, the only heat which arose came from that business of contracts, and the coaches were defended by Bud Wilkinson. "Perhaps the college which entices the coach away should share the blame," suggested Wilkinson softly, and left it at that.

The arrival of the coaches was first discovered one morning when, down low in the corner of a big blackboard placed in the lobby to announce an important NCAA meeting scheduled for that day, there suddenly appeared the chalked diagram of a single-wing play with an unbalanced line to the right and the ends split wide.

### Coaches, coaches everywhere

Within hours the coaches had taken over the ballroom and spilled out into the surrounding conference and banquet rooms as well. Equipment manufacturers appeared as if by magic, setting up their jerseys and blocking pads and plastic face guards in adjoining stalls and waiting to waylay any coach who might wander through. Endless lectures filled the air. Projectors showing films of the past season's games began to whir. The lobby became so jammed with big burly guys talking about who was going to fill the coaching vacancies at Stanford and Texas A&M that the hotel's regular customers had to enter by way of the back door. And strange hieroglyphics, of such complexity as to lead the uninitiated to suppose that a convention of atomic physicists had missed the last train to Princeton, began to appear on the tablecloths in the dining room. Actually there wasn't anything really top-secret about them. They were just more football plays.

In three days it would have been possible for a visitor from another planet to absorb a sound working knowledge of the game of American football. Up on the big stage in the ballroom there were lectures by Jack Curtice of Utah (Pass Offense), Bob Blackman of Dartmouth (Over-all Team Defense and Adjustments), Dan Devine of Arizona State (Multiple Offense), Terry Brennan of Notre Dame (Using the Slot Offense with the T Formation) and half a dozen others. Frank Broyles of Arkansas even punctuated his lecture on Pass Defense with actual

physical demonstrations—and almost fell off the stage during one especially heroic effort to intercept a potential scoring pass thrown from out of the audience by one of his assistants.

But it was generally conceded that the real star of the coaching clinic was C. F. Lappenbusch of Western Washington College, a man so far advanced in his tactical approach to the game that he was able to confuse even his fellow coaches. Lappenbusch's lecture was on the Rock and Roll Out Series ("If they throw up a five-man line, give 'em the old Rump and Go," and "Remember to establish a pennant angle on the linebacker. Pennant angle? Has something to do with the way feathers grow on a bird. Very efficient!").

There were also the films. The coaches thoughtfully scheduled such plums as Michigan State-Wisconsin, Auburn-Georgia Tech, Oklahoma-Colorado, Princeton-Yale, Iowa-Michigan (wide screen), Rice-Texas and Ohio State vs. Oregon in the Rose Bowl, a reel for which Woody Hayes, honored at the annual luncheon as Schneppe-Howard Coach of the Year, modestly supplied the narration himself.

The coaches did discuss prospective rule changes, including the possibility of returning to the old unlimited-

substitution days ("I'm against it," said Fritz Crisler. "I think boys should learn to play both ways") and the advisability of returning the goalposts to the goal line ("Personally, I like to see those three points go up there," said Lou Little). In fact, they talked about a lot of rule changes—but not a whisper was heard of the truly revolutionary one on extra points to be passed only a few days later by the NCAA rules committee down in Fort Lauderdale.

### Fortunes of the game

The coaches also joked with Mr. Nixon and discovered, to their pleasant surprise, that the Vice-President was an observing fan. "If you had lost that Iowa game," he told Woody Hayes, "instead of being Coach of the Year today, you would probably be just another candidate for that job at A&M."

If the coaches supplied most of the levity, however, the NCAA delegates were just as happy in their own more dignified way. After all, it was a nice feeling to face only limited problems, when once upon a time, not so many years ago, the problems which they faced were infinite and immense. Frequently reviled by its own members, the few edicts which the NCAA dared to hand down were contemptuously ignored. And the annual convention



B. Williams



**PRIME TOPIC** of conversation at convention was vacancies resulting from coaches' own version of musical chairs.

more often than not appeared to be on the verge of deteriorating into a real Pier 6 brawl.

Today the atmosphere is almost serene. The convention, supreme governing body of the organization, is conducted in a firm, efficient manner. The council, an 18-man group which functions as the policy-making body between conventions, works with a crisp assurance that its decisions will be observed. And the office of the executive director, presided over by a very able young man named Walter Byers, goes about its task with a minimum of back talk and a maximum of cooperation.

Neither Byers nor President Gardner will accept much credit for the NCAA's success. "We serve only in an administrative capacity," says the former. "The NCAA, through its member institutions, runs itself." Actually, the NCAA is run by committees. There is a television committee, an infractions committee, an Olympic committee and an advertising committee. There are committees on eligibility, insurance, publications and youth fitness. There are committees on rules and committees on tournaments. There is even a committee on committees.

In some ways, the best thing that ever happened to the NCAA was the abortive Sanity Code. In its early years

the association managed to formulate a few rules to standardize football and other sports and to conduct championships and tournaments on a national level. It was also aware as early as 1925 that something was going to have to be done about overemphasis of college football, and in 1933 it began to study the problem of those twin terrors, overzealous recruiting and subsidization.

#### A time for action

But unlike the AAU, which is frequently criticized for blundering blindly into the midst of every controversial situation, the NCAA always had a tendency to sit on its hands and wait. In this case, sitting and waiting just wasn't enough.

So in 1951, the NCAA decided to put its legislative functions, backed up by new and stronger investigative and judicial proceedings, to the test. The result was a complete failure. In a vote from the floor, the NCAA failed to suspend seven admittedly guilty member institutions for flagrant violations of the recently passed Sanity Code, a regulatory device aimed at saving college athletics, particularly football, from toppling off the cliff top of pure amateurism into the void of professionalism down below. As

things were going in those days, it wouldn't have been much of a fall.

"The Sanity Code was killed," says Gardner now, "because too many schools felt that enforcement should be left up to the institutions themselves or at least to their conferences. But after we somehow survived for another year without any code whatsoever, we knew something had to be done. It was a pretty dark hour—there were the basketball scandals and a rash of unsavory football incidents—and even schools that had opposed our program began to see the light. We simply decided that if our organization was to serve a useful purpose, we had to get tough."

So with the specter of the Sinful Seven before them and dozens of other schools about ready to join the nose-thumbing act, the NCAA got tough. The council, instead of the unwieldy convention, was given power to act upon violations. The Committee on Infractions was set up, with Gardner as chairman, to study reports and recommend disciplinary action. And Byers was named to the new post of executive director and charged with the duty of supplying the committee with all the information it might need in order to act both wisely and very well.

In its first six years, the infractions committee officially examined some 119 cases, establishing guilt and meting out punishment to 41 institutions. In 13 other violations, aware of the dagger pointed at their mid-section, member institutions or conferences took quick corrective measures of their own. As a result the 1958 convention was happy to announce only two cases requiring punitive action.

"The committee," said Kentucky's A. D. Kirwan, the current chairman, "thinks it is significant that this past summer has been the quietest since the inauguration of the present enforcement program. We have the feeling that there has been a growing desire by member universities and colleges to make certain that their athletic programs are operated in accordance with the rules and regulations the institutions have pledged themselves to observe."

Clarence P. Houston of Tufts, who preceded Gardner as president, once said of the NCAA, "We have progressed by disaster." It was a statement at once humble and filled with pride. For beyond all else remains the fact that the National Collegiate Athletic Association has progressed and should continue to progress and thus is the most important fact of all. (EWD)

# HOW NOT TO GO TO JAIL

*In which the Mauldins, father and sons, and their co-pilot friend George Moffett brave the perils of incarceration, sweep oceans for thunderstorms and finally get down at Panama*

by BILL MAULDIN

THE ENTIRE CREW of 99 Pete felt a distinct reluctance to leave the gentle, lotus-eating atmosphere of the West Indies and head for the comparatively forbidding mainland of South America. But then, we had worried about the islands, too—as well as the water between them—and had found the flying in our twin-engined Apache safe and the landings pleasant. Maybe the mountains and jungles ahead would prove equally rewarding.

Outward bound from Trinidad, the younger members of our flight crew—my sons Andy, aged 8, and David, 6—relaxed in the back seat, co-pilot George Moffett took the controls, and I spread out the charts to plot a course veering southward for a cautious aerial peek at the great, fearsome swamp at the mouth of Venezuela's Orinoco River. It covers some 10,000 square miles, and as far as we could see to the south there was nothing but soaking green desolation. We could even smell it from our altitude. It made the Everglades and the Okefenokee almost seem like family picnic grounds.

"I hate to sound chicken in this day of dependable little airplane engines," George said, "but right now I'm sure glad we've got two of them. Why, I'll bet not even savages can live down there in that creepy mesa."

"Take it easy," I gave him the elbow. "Why get the kids to thinking about it?"

At this point there was a giggle from the back seat and we turned to find Andy and David with their heads buried in a comic book. Its cover was a jungle scene. The title was *Bugs Bunny Winsaid by the Woo Woo Warriors*. The boys were now totally oblivious of the horrible realities sliding past under their windows. The effect was as incongruous as turning on a TV thriller with a burglar in the next room.

As we moved westward over comparatively hospitable jungle and mountain terrain, I dug out our sheaf of South and Central American landing clearances. To my dismay, the Venezuelan permit, issued by their Washington embassy, was written entirely in Spanish.

"DIRECTOR AERONAUTICA CIVIL CONCEDE PERMISO SUDIVOLAR AERONAVE TRINTA MAYO MATURIN AVION PIPER SERIAL 2886 MATRICULA 92899," it began, and then came all our names, with me as *piloto* and Moffett as *copiloto*. So far so good. I am not very adept at foreign languages, but I do have a sense of logic. Permission was civilly conceded for the sober and mature crew of 99 Pete to "matriculate," or "land"—there could be no other logical inter-

pretation of the word in this case—in Venezuela.

Where in Venezuela? The only official airport of entry in the entire country, according to our charts, was a large airline terminal on the coast called Maiquetia, serving Caracas, the capital, high in the mountains above. Caracas is supposed to be one of South America's finest metropolises, George and I were badly in need of shaves, we all needed baths, and a comfortable hotel seemed called for. Clearly, Maiquetia was the airport on which to matriculate. As we approached I read the clearance once more to be sure I hadn't missed anything, reflecting that Spanish wasn't such a tough language, after all. And I liked the document's cheery Latin lilt, so different from the dry officialness of the North.

THERE seemed to be an uncommon number of armed soldiers hanging around, considering that Maiquetia was not a military field, and as we taxied up to the ramp a small detachment of them, led by a civilian, gathered around our Piper Apache.

"Why did you not land at Maturin?" the civilian snapped at me. "Can't you read?"

I gaped at him, pulled out our charts, and after a search found a place back



IN UNEASY SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS





"35 PITE" OCCASIONALLY FOUND ITSELF UNDER THE GUARD OF LOCAL MILITARY FORCES

in the swamps called Maturin, 60 miles inland and 270 miles east.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I thought it was just a word. Besides, it's not even listed as an airport of entry, and we wanted to come here, not there."

Suddenly one of the soldiers grabbed George's Leica from his neck, got it open, and, as we watched open-mouthed, the man tore out the film and stuffed it into his pocket.

"Hey!" protested David, who ordinarily dotes on soldiers and uniforms. Andy shrugged him and put his mouth to his brother's ear.

"Woo Woo Warrior types," he said, sotto voce, and in spite of the fact that we were getting a little worried George and I couldn't help coming apart at the seams. This, of course, didn't help us at all.

"Pilot, you will take the aircraft where this man tells you," the civilian barked, detaching a little private with a big Mauser carbine. "The rest of you will come inside with me."

My guardian, who needed a bath and shave as badly as I did, which was going some, climbed into the Apache's back seat and pointed at the far end of the long ramp. As I got in and started the engines, I'm damned if he didn't actually stick his Mauser right between my shoulder blades. The whole

thing was crazy. Right next to us a crowd of tourists were getting off an Air France Constellation and some people were waving handkerchiefs at a departing Convair.

I felt the rifle all the way down the ramp, then there was a little jab when the soldier wanted me to stop. He fell in behind me as I started the long walk back to the terminal.

"Hey, Bud," called out a man near a U.S. airliner, "I wouldn't leave that little ship parked there very long. That's where the Viscounts run up their turbos and they'll blow it right on its tail."

Using eloquent gestures and fractured Spanish, I got this message across to my soldier, and asked him if I couldn't at least tie the plane down. With matching eloquence, he requested *macho* cigars. Unfortunately, I had none. The plane stayed as it was.

Back at the terminal, I learned that we were all going to jail until the authorities decided how to deal with the crime of landing at Maiquetia instead of Maturin.

"Me and Andy, too, Daddy," David crowed. "The man said kids can get in, too."

Ordinarily, Andy would have shared David's enthusiasm, but he had been suffering for a couple of days, off and

on, from a slight touch of diarrhea, and it had picked this moment to hit him again. I asked permission to get his bottle of Kaopectate out of the plane, as well as some toilet articles and a change of clothes for all of us to take to the hoosgow.

"You will not touch the aircraft," I was told. "It has made illegal entry and is sealed."

OF course, one should never lose one's temper in these situations, but at this point I didn't see where there was much else to lose. I said I had been to some pretty barbaric places in my life. Even places where children got thrown in jail. But this was the first place I had seen, I said, where kids with the trots got thrown in jail without their Kaopectate. It was a pretty good speech, Moffett told me later. By the time I was through half the airport was listening.

Maybe the word "barbaric" got them. Venezuela is Texna-rich on oil and possibly as sensitive as a Houston dowager about the state of its culture. Anyway, by some twist of logic, they still wouldn't let us get the medicine but they did soften to the extent of packing us off to a fleabag hotel near the airport instead of canning us. From a standpoint of comfort, the jail couldn't have been much worse, and although nobody said we were incommunicado we found ourselves unable to use the phone (the operator was sick) or call a taxi (too late in the day). But at least there was a dining room of sorts and we were able to stoke Andy up on tea and bread before scratching ourselves to sleep. David, of course, was furious with me. He had counted on going to a legitimate prison.

By a marvelous coincidence, that very night there was a dynamite explosion uptown under the hood of a car belonging to Argentina's ex-president, Juan Peron, who is a good friend of Venezuela's incumbent president and a current resident of Caracas. Apparently, however, we were not connected with that particular crime, because next morning when I tried again for a taxi to the U.S. embassy I was able to get one.

It was quite a ride up to Caracas. The city is 3,000 feet high in the mountains, yet still so near the coast you feel you could throw a rock back into the water when you get there. Even the slums on the outskirts are spectacular, more like cliff dwellings than a shanty town, and the immaculate business section fairly glitters with plate-

continued

glass architecture and Caddie fins.

I'm not sure now exactly what I expected as I presented myself, unshaven, in dirty khaki trousers and T shirt, at the embassy. I suppose I harbored a sneaking hope that the United States would rise in all its wrathful majesty and maybe call out the Marines because four of its citizens had been pushed around for not being able to read a Spanish landing permit, and a little boy had been deprived of his Koopectate.

In fact, there was a Marine right there, on duty at the embassy door, but from the way he looked me up and down, like a horrified English butler, as I entered, I could see that military aid was out of the question. So, as it turned out, was direct diplomatic intervention. Despite what our enemies may say about us, it is not the present policy of the United States to throw its weight around in helpless little dictatorships with oil wells. Any American foolish enough to get mixed up with the Venezuelan police—whatever the circumstances—can expect to get the short end of the stick just as if he were a native, and what could be fairer than that?

However, our consul, a kindly gentleman named Horace de Baca, told me he happened to be acquainted with the Venezuelan Minister of Aviation, and he gave me a personal note of introduction to this worthy, with the suggestion that I go plead our case with him directly. It worked fine. The minister received me with sympathy, and when it turned out that he and I both belonged to the same U.S. flying club he was so friendly that I was almost tempted to ask for the loan of his bathtub and razor.

Free as birds again, we took off that afternoon. Although the Apache had been blown around a bit on the ramp and the cabin had been thoroughly pawed over, it was undamaged. Even so, there was a howl of rage from David as we headed out over the water for the Netherlands Antilles and the island of Aruba.

"Those darn old Woo Woos," he said, "stole every one of my war comics."

ARUBA IS AN oblong little platter with two or three watery hills and a giant oil refinery at one end. But it was a relaxed and genuinely friendly place, which went a long way with us at that point—and at the other end of the island we found one of the nicest

## PROBLEMS OF A FLYING FATHER



SLOT MACHINES WERE CONSTANT TEMPTATION. HERE DAVID TRIES HIS LUCK.

hotels and beaches of the entire trip.

The boys started shedding clothes and whooping for the water, but I called them back. Along with my responsibilities aloft for the safety and welfare of my crew and craft, on the ground I was Captain of the Laundry. It had to be done because we were seldom in one place long enough to send it out, and I had promised the boys' mother that they would eat right, sleep right and live right in every way.

We had worked out a simple technique. Whenever we found ourselves in a hotel with a bathtub, we dumped in all our dirty clothes, added a half pound or so of detergent—I had brought several boxes—and set Andy and David to stomping barefoot like a couple of Frenchmen in a winery. They enjoyed the work and it was far more efficient than any electrical contraption. For drying, we made lines by straightening out wire coat hangers and linking them together.

Of course, we sometimes ran into objections from hotel staffs. Many chambermaids felt the work should have been theirs to take home, and couldn't understand our explanation that we were in a hurry and wore the kind of shirts that didn't need ironing. Others were simply offended at the sight of a \$20 room festooned with wet wash. At Kingston, Jamaica an assistant manager told us we were turning away his quality trade by hanging our stuff on the balcony.

And so, when we had all finished our chores at the Basí Ruti Hotel in Aruba and I was rewarding myself with a vodka and tonic while watching George and the kids in the surf, I was not too surprised to see a maid coming

after me with a grim set to her jaw. There was some language difficulty, but the idea was that she had inspected our handiwork and thought we were a disgrace to the profession.

"Too much detergent," she said. "Very wasteful. And not enough rinsing. Do you want the little ones to get a rash?"

But as for our *doing* our own laundry, she thought it was a fine and thrifty way to travel, and was greatly amused when I described our four-legged washing machine. Bless the Dutch.

THERE WAS practically no red tape at all in Colombia. Politics were in a state of flux; soldiers, police, Customs and Immigration, and officialdom in general relaxed, probably on the theory that today's victim might be tomorrow's Excellency.

But when we got ready to fly from Cartagena to Costa Rica, by way of the Gulf of Darien and Panama, we found that this happy state of confusion extended to communications and we were unable to learn anything about the weather ahead. Although it was still morning, we could already see, far off to the west along our route, the flattened cirrus tops of so many giant thunderstorms that they were running together into a solid, high overcast.

On the ground, thunderstorms used to make me nervous. Then I became a pilot and they terrified me. Lightning, I learned to my surprise, is a minor hazard, except occasionally to radio equipment. But the vertical air currents in a tall thundercloud are powerful enough to waft hailstones the size of eggs upward as if they were feath-



MINOR CRISIS WERE EXAGGERATED BY UNACCUSTOMED FREEDOMS



BUT IN THE END THEY WERE GENERALLY HAPPILY RESOLVED

ers; these winds, combined with violent turbulence, can crumple an airplane wing like an old newspaper. And hail itself, encountered at flying speed, can mangle and riddle the toughest aluminum skin.

"We'll hole up in Cartagena for the day and get an early start tomorrow," I announced to my crew in the terminal café, after stepping outside for a fifth look to the west.

"It won't be any better tomorrow, or the next day," said a Pan American pilot who was drinking coffee with us. "They invented the thunderstorm down here, and they've got the biggest, the meanest and the mostest. You've just got to learn to live with 'em if you're going to fly in this part of the world."

"You live with them, mister," I retorted. "I'll sit here for a week if I have to. Why, man, I've been known to land at the mere sight of a single thunderhead 10 miles away, just because I didn't want to be in the same sky with it."

"Well, if you hang around here waiting for clear skies, sooner or later they might get the government organized under you, just like in Venezuela," the pilot said. We'd told him about our adventure there. "And when you get out of jail," he laughed, "you'll still find the thunderheads waiting for you."

"Please, Daddy," David said, "no more Woo Woo."

"It's like a lot of fears in flying," our friend said. "You got to meet it and get it in focus. Go, friend, and mingle with those clouds. From here they look solid, like a regular squall line, but it's just airmass stuff growing together,

and up to early afternoon you can generally find lots of spaces between and around the big ones.

"Every once in a while you'll have to brush up near one, and it'll reach out and give your wingtip a friendly little shake to warn you, or it'll get playful and dump a few hundred gallons of water on your windshield. Tropical thunderstorms have got real personalities, buddy, and you may go in with jelly on the knee but you'll come out with a clear head and a healthy respect. Just remember that you can't go through them or over them, and you shouldn't go under them, so play it like a gopher and if you run out of extra escape holes to the front and sides, turn around and come on back and tell me all about it. Whatever you do, don't get bored in."

We flew into the storm area at 8,500 feet, above a deck of stratocumulus, where the air was free of haze and we could pick our paths among the monsoons while still at a distance. The visual effect was eerie: our floor was a murky blue-gray, speckled with occasional dark glimpses of sea and jungle; our ceiling was thick white cirrus from the thunderhead tops; and all around us were vertical black columns, nearly motionless and boiling with such intensity that they seemed almost solid.

"Gripes," breathed Moffett, "it's a hydrogen bomb convention."

"Me and Dave, we're mosquitoes in a mushroom patch," Andy declared.

We made out all right across the Gulf of Darien, doing a sort of broken-field running at 160 mph, but as we started up the coast of Panama, the storms thickened rapidly. Although

visibility was still very good, the air was oppressive and so humid that the propellers sucking the saturated stuff through the engine nacelles had the effect of milking it, and there was a steady trickle of moisture oozing through the seams and trailing off behind us.

"We'll give it another 10 minutes," I said to George, who was riding up front. "If they don't start thinning out then, we'll head back to Cartagena." We had gone about 230 miles and it was almost noon.

"There's a little corridor off to the right," Moffett pointed out. "I see clear blue sky on the other side. We can edge a little out to sea and flank the worst of this stuff."

George had never heard of "sucker holes." I had, so there was no excuse for me. As soon as we had passed through, the crack closed behind us. George's "clear blue sky" was the belly of a real granddaddy of a thunderpopper—the center of turbulence and electrical discharge often takes on a blue-green tint—and now there was another one on the left. The only way out was to the right again, farther out to sea.

"Murphy's Law of Aerodynamics," George said.

"What?" I growled, not very graciously.

"The law states: 'If anything can possibly happen, it probably will.' My instructor taught it to me only a few weeks ago. He said a little trouble in the air is like a little pregnancy."

"What's pregnancy?" David asked.

"Shut up, the lot of you!" I howled.

The Isthmus of Panama runs roughly east and west, and our heading was

continued

## '99 PETE'

continued

now north-northeast, toward Cuba. We had plenty of gas, but not that much, and as far as I knew the storms extended all the way across the Caribbean. To complicate matters, our deck of stratus-cumulus was beginning to rise rapidly under us, with ambitious little embryo thunderheads forming out of it and shooting upwards on their way to the big time, so that soon we were clipping through the tops of some of these.

We had a little oxygen tank; everybody got his mask on, I set the dial for 14,000 feet and we climbed up for a good look around. Before long we found what we wanted—a wide corridor to the southwest. It was filled with a lot of thick stratus but no storms reared out of it. We would let down through the clouds—although it was quite hazy above the water, there was at least a 5,000-foot ceiling down there—and grope our way up the coast as best we could, ducking the blacker squalls.

It is very bad policy to make an instrument letdown without proper clearances and traffic control, even on off-airways in remote areas such as this. But at that point I frankly couldn't see any other way to get

down. I had committed the original sin and got us caught upstairs; now it must be rectified by more sinning. Actually, it was almost with relief that I pulled back the carburetor heat and throttles and sank slowly out of an angry world of swirling storms into a peaceful, opaque one with nothing to watch but dials and knobs.

"This Apache sure is hard to fly on instruments, George," I said after a minute or two. "I can't get it trimmed out right."

"Don't tell me your troubles, Bill," he replied. "I am merely a humble student pilot, watching and learning."

The nose came up and I trimmed it down. Too much, apparently. After a moment, we were in a shallow dive. Then, before I could touch the trim tab, the instruments showed us leveling, then climbing slightly.

"I don't feel anything," Moffett said.

"Naturally not," I told him. "You should depend entirely on the instruments for information."

"Is what's going on dangerous?"

"No, but it's disconcerting as hell." The nose dropped again, and I jerked it back, a little savagely.

"Daddy," David said, "make Andy quit waking me up."

"Down, boy, down!" George sud-



AT 12,000 FEET THE PILOT TAKES OXYGEN.

deally cried, snapping around in his seat.

I had given both boys Dramamine a little earlier, in case of turbulent air, and it had made them woozy. Andy, disregarding orders about keeping his seat belt on, had crept back to the baggage compartment, leaving his brother sprawled across the seats. The effect of 50 pounds moving four feet aft of the little Apache's center of gravity can be realized by the fact that a pilot

## THE FLIGHT LOG OF '99 PETE': SECTION TWO

**SEVENTH LEG:** Puerto Rico to Puerto Anapo, Port-of-Spain, 709 mi. (starute) SE, via following islands: St. Thomas (U.S.), St. Croix (U.S.), St. Maarten (Dutch), St. Christopher (U.K.), Antigua (U.K.), Montserrat (U.K.), Guadeloupe (French), Marie Galante (French), Dominica (U.K.), Martinique (French), St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada and Tobago (all U.K.). Nearly all have airstrips and enthusiastic pilots around; many flying clubs; this is small-plane paradise. All are interesting, hospitable, moderately priced (maximum daily average for food and lodging in winter months: \$10-\$15); all have relaxed C&I. Puerto is large airline terminal; paved runway, tower VHF 118.1, all facilities, all oceanic, weather bureau, tide/gauge \$2. C&I procedure and fees begin to stiffen: getting close to mainland. Port-of-Spain popular, interesting tourist city, many good hotels, reasonable. Typical: Borgeuse, Queen's Park, from \$10; Normandie, from \$5 (all Amer. plan). Note: Landing fees, C&I charges extremely variable throughout Caribbean, S. & C. America, depending on type plane, hour and temperament of officials on duty. Our stops averaged \$7 each. Try to avoid landings and take-offs during off-duty hours, fiestas and holidays; overtime charges can be awful. Fiestas

especially holy; during them many officials refuse to move at any price. No need to travel with local currency; U.S. money good along entire route. Carry plenty \$1 and \$5 bills. Before getting out of islands and into S. America, following are some comments on flying safety. **WEATHER:** In cold months, when most sensible birds and aviators fly south, weather is no problem in Caribbean areas. Other seasons, be legally qualified to fly instruments or be prepared for some delays and detours. **SINGLE VS. TWIN ENGINES:** Having done most of my over-water flying single-engine, I think such debate is largely academic. A "twin" was taken on this trip because Apache had roomiest, most comfortable cabin I could find to carry lively young passengers. That extra propeller spinning out there was psychologically soothing at times. I'll admit; nevertheless, odds against a modern, properly cared-for single-engine plane coaling in any given 75-mi stretch (average land-to-land distance in Caribbean) are better than 55,000 to one, roughly equivalent to being dealt five consecutive cards of same suit. Of course, results of either phenomenon could be called a straight flush, and with one engine or four you should navigate with care and have emergency gear. But most island flying down

in the Caribbean is done single-engine by sober, conservative pilots who regard the greatest hazards as mental NAVIGATION! Here is more realistic danger: On the rare occasions when only water is in sight, don't be overcautious if your landfall is few minutes late (it almost always is). It's pretty hard to miss a Caribbean island and almost impossible to miss some kind of landfall if you hold steady on course. The potential enemy is not a shark; it's the temptation to start hunting around in fretful curves.

**EIGHTH LEG:** Port-of-Spain to Maqueta Anapo, Caracas, 575 mi. W. All Maqueta-bound aircraft from E must fly not less than 3 mi. from coast, must have flight plan, must maintain radio listening watch. (CAA Internat. Flight Info. Manual your constant companion henceforth.) Maqueta has long paved runway, tower 118.1, 121.5, 121.9. All facilities, all oceanic, weather bureau. Note: So far on this route no passports or visa required of U.S. citizens; from now on they will be needed throughout most of S. & C. America. Previously arranged landing clearances (see notes in Part I) also essential. Venezuelan C&I extremely tough. Caracas beautiful city; long taxi ride (\$5), hotels start at \$15 European plan and go way up.



I was ready to call it a day, but our troubles weren't quite over.

"Listen to this," said George, opening our dog-eared *International Flight Information Manual*. "On page 58 it says, 'All flying over the Canal Zone Military Airspace Reservation is prohibited and aircraft must obtain clearance from Panama Air Traffic Control or adjoining control center prior to entering the Panama Air Traffic Control area. Aircraft not having air traffic control clearance may be fired upon.'"

"They're kidding," I said, but I broke off my approach and began circling the bay. After all, that book was given to understatement. I remembered what it said about the Dominican Republic.

"Do we have a clearance?" George asked.

"We filed a flight plan from Cartagena to Puerto Limón, Costa Rica. It probably didn't get sent, but if it did, we should be over a different ocean and 200 miles further on about now."

"Maybe we ought to call somebody on the radio," Andy suggested.

Frankly, this hadn't occurred to me. After a couple of weeks of doing everything short of buzzing towers to get them to answer, I had sort of stopped thinking of air-to-ground radio as a means of communication in the tropics.

We were circling over a speck called Taboga Island, which has a radio beacon, and over to the right of Panama City, under the edge of a black wall of storms, we could just make out Tocumen National Airport.

"Tocumen Tower, this is Apache 2299 Papa," I said, using the proper new international code word for "P" instead of pleasant, homely, old "Peter."

I might as well have said "pine-apple." After a couple more tries I took a crack at "Taboga Radio." Nothing.

I tried "Tocumen Radio" instead of "Tower." Maybe the whole thing was lumped under "Panama Radio." I tried that on every transmitting frequency listed for the area, plus some fresh ones for luck.

"Daddy, you haven't said Taboga Tower yet," David said.

"Taboga is a tiny little island down there, dope," his brother said. "How could they have a tower?"

"I betcha for helicopters. They could land helicopters there, couldn't they, huh, Daddy? Huh?"

I took a wild swing with the Radio

Facility Book and hit David on top of his Air Force brain bucket, which he was fortunately still wearing. Tears of wounded defiance sprang up.

"You just did that because you're still mad at Andy," he said, with a measure of truth.

"Here's another little problem," George said, still reading the manual. "Panama is considered an endemic yellow fever area. If we land there we have to get a shot to get in most other countries. I remember now a friend told me he got a yellow fever shot somewhere down here. He said they used a hypo the size of a horse pistol."

"Let's go to Costa Rica," Andy said.

**S**UDDENLY I had an idea. I switched the radio to 121.5, the VHF international emergency channel, and called the U.S. Air Force base guarding the Pacific end of the Canal.

"Albrook AFB, this is Apache 99 Pete."

"Go ahead, 99 Pete. This is Albrook." Caruso never sounded better.

"Albrook, we've been sort of milling around the bay..."

"We know. We've been tracking you."

"He means with radar, I hope," George muttered.

"Request permission to land at Albrook. We have your field in sight now." I didn't mention that we could also see Tocumen. "The idea is," I said to Moffett, releasing the mike button, "that if we sit the weather out on U.S. property, maybe it won't be quite the same as if we landed in Panama. I'd hate to put the kids through that inoculation business."

"I'd hate to put myself through it," George said.

"Do you declare an emergency, Apache?" Albrook asked.

"Well, not exactly," I said, hopefully, "but if I can't raise Tocumen or get on to Costa Rica I'll run out of gas eventually and then I suppose it'll be an emergency."

"Let's feather an engine," Moffett suggested, but I stopped him. All of a sudden I was just too tired to fool around.

"You better forget about going any place," Albrook said. "Radar reports

solid storms in all quadrants. Hold on a minute and we'll shake up Tocumen for you." There was a pause, during which some sort of magic was wrought.

"O.K., 99 Pete, he'll answer you now. But you better hustle over there. He's got a rain squall on one end of his runway, moving toward the middle."

It was a photo finish, with Tocumen Tower, now visible, urging us on. The squall had most of the runway, by the time we got there, but we didn't need much. Our landing roll carried us under the edge of the rain and it was so thick we actually turned around and taxied out with the help of the gyrocompass.

"Are you guys gonna shoot us in the arm or the behind?" David quaveringly asked Customs and Immigration as they came up. They turned out to be very nice guys with ideas of their own on how we could beat the needle.

"Don't leave the airport," they suggested. "Sleep in the lobby, take right off tomorrow, and as far as we're concerned you haven't been here."

It was a long, hot night in the big lobby, lonely and loud with the roar of thunder and rain. Several times I awoke in my chair and wondered if I was doing right by my boys. Shouldn't I really have taken them to a hotel? Shouldn't they see the city and the historic Canal? As I looked back on it, an awful lot of their impressionable little lives on this trip had been spent around airports. Would they remember the beautiful Caribbean and South America as a succession of ramps, hangars and cots? And what about evading the shots? Suppose a mosquito wandered in here from the swamps and they came down later with yellow fever, right under their mother's eyes?

Once Moffett woke up, too, and after watching me stare with fatherly concern at the two tiny figures huddled head-to-toe on a narrow bench, he went upstairs to the bar, talked the man into opening up, and came back with two double vodka and tonics.

"That friend of mine who got the shot," George said. "According to him, it was a needle as long as a pencil. And he said they didn't even sterilize it between customers; the doc just wiped it on his sleeve."

I finished the night in peace.

## PART III: A JUNGLE HAVEN

In which the crew of *99 Pete*, homing north from Panama, learns at firsthand what it is like to wander witlessly with waning fuel; and comes down in the jungle, and there finds a friend

DAVIS CUP: ANNOTATIONS  
AND ASPIRATIONS  
Sirs:

After reading Bill Talbert's article in the Dec. 9, 1957 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, I feel it is only fair to state the following:

The Davis Cup Selection Committee, of which I am chairman, selected the best possible team to represent our country in the Davis Cup matches. This is our fustione. If, after we have selected the team, anyone is reluctant to play, we must use every possible persuasive means under the amateur code to induce a player to play. But when a player refuses to play, whatever the reason, I think that we should respect that reason and just forget the situation and name a substitute as we did in the case of Ham Richardson and Dick Savitt. After all, tennis is an amateur sport and should be played for the honor, pride and enjoyment of the game. There should be no compulsion felt, although we have appealed to a player's patriotic sensibilities.

Ham Richardson has always been an outstanding gentleman and a credit to the game. During the last season he had several injuries which healed slowly, and he never reached his top form. With this condition in reality, his wife has been a tremendous help to him in taking care of his health and in assisting him to follow the best health-sustaining regimen.

Under the circumstances, I think we must respect his feelings in the matter in not wishing to be separated from his wife for a lengthy period. The trip to Australia does require, by reason of the great distance, considerable time away from home.

As the Executive Committee of the USLTA has ruled against wives accompanying players, it may be that this position should be re-examined, after all, our whole foundation of society is built around the family circle . . . and rightfully so. Separation of husbands and wives should be discouraged and not encouraged.

I want to emphasize definitely and emphatically that the opinions as expressed by Bill Talbert and Gardner Mulloy are their own opinions, and in no way reflect the opinion of either the Davis Cup Selection Committee or the USLTA.

I think our showing in Australia was most encouraging and augurs well for the future. Barry MacKay looks like he might go right to the top. As has been the case for the past several years, our great weakness is in doubles. I have strongly suggested that our younger, most promising players be paired off as doubles teams early in the tournament season and be urged to stick together as units throughout the season. Then our Davis Cup captain, Bill Talbert, who is without question a master of doubles play, could coach these boys as teams for a lengthy period and not have to use patchwork teams in the important Davis Cup ties.

CHAUCEY DEWEY STEELE JR.  
Cambridge, Mass.

OH, THOSE LIONS  
Sirs:

Three hearty cheers for the wonderful champions of the NFL. Oh, those crazy, mixed-up Lions!

Believe me, as an ardent follower of our unfortunate Philadelphia Eagles, it was gratifying beyond words to me to watch the Lions, whom I have always admired, pile up the score. They could have scored 4 or more points against the Browns as far as I'm concerned. Bless'em.

Your Flip-flop Zoo is hilarious. Can you give us more?

Oreland, Pa.

Sirs:

In the balloting for the National Football League's Most Valuable Player, not one member of the World Champion Detroit Lions even received support. In the balloting for the Rookie of the Year, again no Lion cub was as much suggested. Ditto for the voting for Player of the Year. To top it off, the head coach of this group of "uncomponents," "has-beens" and "out-of-fair" failed to receive recognition.

Those poor old Lions had to settle for just one award in 1957. It is known as the World Championship. We might all take our collective hats off to the 1957 Gashouse Gang of football, the roughest, toughest, fightingest, luckiest and winningest group of men and boys that ever had the good fortune to play for the same team.

MIKE SILBER  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

GOLF UPDATED  
Sirs:

I should like to call on your experts to settle an argument that developed recently while I was playing with three friends at the Twin Hills Country Club in Oklahoma City, Okla.

I attempted an important putt on the 13th green, and the ball hung on the lip of the cup. After due consultation with my partner, I decided to wait for the ball to drop, if it would. After approximately two minutes the ball had not fallen but appeared to be moving (at least to my partner). At this moment an Air Force jet aircraft passed overhead and broke the sound barrier, causing an extremely loud sonic "boom." Immediately thereafter, the ball fell into the cup.

I am certain that you can envision the conversation that followed.

Would you kindly advise us if the USGA has made any provisions for such a circumstance, so that we can settle the financial transactions. Naturally my partner and I feel that the putt should be allowed, while our opponents are claiming "foaf" and are considering suing the Air Force if they have to pay.

F. A. EASTMAN  
Houston

● John English, Assistant Executive Director of the USGA, hosted happily when informed of Mr. Eastman's predicament and promised a ruling from the USGA Rules Committee.—ED.

CRUISING WINTER'S TALE  
Sirs:

Congratulations to Carleton Mitchell for *At the Wind's Coll* (SL, Jan. 6). As usual

he has managed to capture the underbale spell of the Bahamas, and I feel certain this winter will find many of us prowling around the waters from Spanish Wells to Nassau harbor.

RICHARD E. FRANKSON  
Washington, D.C.

BASEBALL: MOVIES ARE BETTER  
THAN EVER  
Sirs:

Rather than risk the demoralization of a most colorful baseball team, the West Coast owners of the Dodgers ought to negotiate for use of Ebbets Field. Games could be scheduled Pacific Standard Time to be televised by the cloud of shame presently forming out of indecisive discussions over a home for the national pastime.

If the people of the West Coast cannot solve this problem, are they to be expected to provide the Dodgers with the warmth of friendship that has been the forte of the sovereign citizens of Flatbush? Perhaps the entertainment capital of the nation has chosen to deactivate baseball in an effort to capture greater audiences for the motion picture.

J. P. MORRIS JR.  
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

## CHARACTER BUILDERS (CONT.)

Sirs:

"Character Builder" (SL, Dec. 23) points out the sad state of affairs that exists in college athletics. The article mentions only the coaches who regard contracts as mere scraps of paper, and certainly these people belong in a class with other defaulters, but how about the ranking officers of the colleges who approach and hire these same defaulters, knowing them to be such?

How can such ranking officers ever hope to lead their student body in any endeavor requiring high purpose and honesty?

I believe it is high time for our colleges and universities to have honor and integrity as prime requisites when hiring either a ranking officer or an athletic coach.

HAROLD HENSHAW  
Lansdale, Pa.

● For some similar sentiments, see the report on the recently concluded NCAA convention, page 28.—ED.

## BASKETBALL: ALL HAIL!

Sirs:

Hail to West Virginia, No. 1 in the national basketball bounce, but who would find out by reading *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*? In *SCOREBOARD*, Jan. 6, you say, and I quote, "North Carolina, bedeviled by injury and losses to key personnel, finally gave way." Friend, they did not give way, they were celebrated just like Kentucky the night before. Buck up kids, no one but the home folks thought we would be this good.

SKIP WILSON  
Charleston, W.Va.

● Hail, indeed, but among the folks who knew West Virginia was that good

continued

WATCH THAT BALL...  
OR I'LL TAKE YOU PAL!

IT'S WORTH THE LOSS  
IF I WIN THAT GAL!



YOU'RE  
A PIPE SMOKING  
MAN? THEN  
YOU'RE FOR  
ME!

IT'S  
SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH—  
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continued

was Jeremiah Tax who predicted in the Special Basketball Issue (SI, Dec. 9): "The Mountaineers from Morgantown are shoo-ins again... for another title." See next week's issue for an on-the-spot estimate by Tax of the Mountaineers' chances over the rest of the season.—ED.

#### BASKETBALL: THE RUPP APPROACH

Sir:

Concerning Jeremiah Tax's article on Coach Rupp and readers' reaction thereto, I'll never forget what one Kentucky starter told me after a game with St. John's several years ago in New York.

"I got to practice late one day and Rupp asked why. I told him I had a lab. His answer: 'Drop the lab. You're here to play basketball!'"

Which seems to me a very concise self-appraisal of what Rupp's attitude is toward education.

JIM GASH

Buffalo

Sir:

We were glad to see that the University of Kentucky got some publicity in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (SI, Dec. 16), but we can assure you that we were bitterly disappointed to see the statement, "Who knows better than he how to coach basketball?" At no time did I ever make such a statement, and I think it is regrettable that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED must put in a statement like that in order to get a little attention.

We are extremely hurt to think that we went out of our way to be nice to help you get a good story and then have you make such a statement in regard to us.

We would rather, in the future, that you credit the University of Kentucky entirely from your magazine, unless you can actually report statements made by us.

ADOLPH F. RUPP  
Basketball Coach  
University of Kentucky

Lexington, Ky.

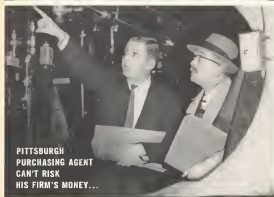
● Coach Rupp is being excessively modest. Not only did he make that statement, but there are indeed few college coaches as good as he and none better, as Jeremiah Tax pointed out. However, our admiration of his technical skill does not necessarily extend to all of his coaching attitudes.—ED.

#### LET THEM WORK FOR THE BALL

Sir:

Basketball is now nothing more than a contest among sharpshooters. It's about as interesting and clever as limiting bird hunters' activities to the barnyard.

The rule that gives the scored-on team possession of the ball is ridiculous. It means that the "penalty" for having two points scored on it is possession of the ball, which is almost a sure-fire guarantee that the scored-on team will repay its opponent in kind. Let's stop penalizing the team that scores. Let's put the old enter-jump rule back in the book and make each team work for possession of the ball. Let's really put strategy and generalship back in the game.



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# PAT ON THE BACK



By Bruce M. Wilson

## WALT HANSGEN

To Walter Edwin Hansgen, 38, of Westfield, N.J. goes *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* award as U.S. Sports Car Driver of 1957. In the best year ever for American sports car racing, Walt Hansgen had the highest marks in those events that grouped the most powerful cars and finest drivers. Campaigning from coast to coast in D Jaguars from the stable of Briggs Cunningham, the distinguished Connecticut sportsman, Walt won eight of the 13 featured races he entered, placed second twice. His 9,500 points in the Sports Car Club of America's Class C (modified) division—the major league of U.S. amateur racing—left his nearest competitor 6,400 points behind.

In achieving his championship Hansgen invariably drove up to his considerable abilities. He came into the sport late (in 1951, at 31), and in 1957 his technique caught up with his high spirit. He let up neither when ahead nor behind. And he showed his pluck and skill best in a race he did not win. That was in November,

on the new course at Riverside, Calif. The experts gave Hansgen in his 3.8-liter Jag no chance at all against Carroll Shelby and Masten Gregory in their more heavily powered 4.5-liter Maseratis. Yet no one who saw it will soon forget the astonishing sight of Walt Hansgen in first place for 12 of those 25 laps.

The year was an unexampled one for the sport in the U.S.: a half dozen new road courses to race upon, big entry lists for an expanded racing schedule, large crowds nearly everywhere. It was the year in which Pennsylvania's Bob Holbert emerged as a Porsche driver of great ability; in which California's Dan Gurney popped up, without a decibel of fanfare, as a Ferrari driver of extraordinary promise; in which the Texan, Shelby, winner of this magazine's 1956 award, shrugged off what might have been a disfiguring injury and the disappointments of a lackluster season to triumph, unforgettably, at Riverside.

But over the long haul the laurels belonged to Walt Hansgen, whom *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* now honors.



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**2.** "The chief's son had shown me the two points of the Maasai's dearest possession. Each 6-foot spear is pointed at both ends, and one end is sharp enough to shave with. A fierce weapon, but ten times as heavy as a javelin."



**3.** "His third throw hit the mark. That satisfied the proud Maasai, but it didn't tempt me to trade in my rifle. This tribe lives in the heart of big game country, surrounded by lion, rhino and elephant. Their spears are their only means of defence."



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